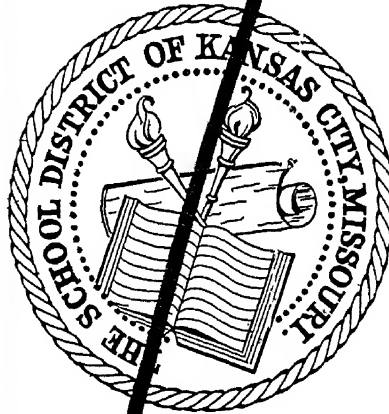


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1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of understanding the underlying mechanisms of the observed phenomena. This is crucial for developing effective interventions and policies. The authors argue that a comprehensive understanding of the system is necessary to address the complex challenges it presents.

2. The second part of the paper focuses on the methodology used in the study. The authors describe the data collection process, the statistical models employed, and the validation techniques used to ensure the reliability of the results. They emphasize the importance of transparency and reproducibility in scientific research.

3. The third part of the paper presents the results of the study. The authors show that the proposed model accurately predicts the observed outcomes across different scenarios. They also discuss the limitations of the study and the need for further research to refine the model and explore new aspects of the system.

4. The final part of the paper discusses the implications of the findings for practice and policy. The authors suggest that the insights gained from this study can be used to inform decision-making and to develop more effective strategies for addressing the challenges at hand. They conclude by highlighting the need for continued collaboration and research in this field.

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ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.

A 10x10 grid of 100 small squares, each containing a number from 1 to 100 in a random order. The numbers are arranged in a way that suggests a specific pattern or sequence, but the exact pattern is not immediately obvious.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Parallel Texts of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspeare Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
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INTRODUCTION.

IN laying this work before the New Shakspeare Society I wish it to be distinctly understood that I claim no credit for originality either of plan or execution.

The plan was suggested by Mr James Spedding, the Editor of Bacon's Works; and at Mr Furnivall's instance I undertook the work, which had indeed been already carried out, for German students, by Professor Tycho Mommsen in his parallel-text edition of the first two quartos of this play, published at Oldenburgh, in 1859. For the execution of it I am mainly indebted to the thorough and independent collations of the early texts contained in Professor Mommsen's book, and in the 'Cambridge Shakspeare' edited by Messrs W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. Without the assistance afforded me by these important works I could not, or certainly would not, have engaged in this task; with it I have been enabled to compile a work which I believe will be found to be useful to the Shaksperian student.

The one object I have endeavoured to keep steadily in view has been the collection in a convenient form of every scrap of material afforded by the old editions which could possibly aid or be deserving of consideration in the great work of the restoration of Shakspeare's text. And these materials I have endeavoured to free from the utterly useless rubbish which is found in all the old editions. In the text of the quartos here reprinted, no departure from the originals, however obviously corrupt, has knowingly been permitted; in the collations given in the margin, only the corrections and varied readings of the subsequent editions are recorded; the obvious blunders of those editions are excluded except in cases where they have given rise to a plausible variation in a later edition. For instance, in Act I. Sc. i. l. 127, I have not recorded the obvious blunder of Q₃ and Ff. in printing *honour* for *humour*; but the obvious blunder of F₁, Act II. Sc. v. l. 51, in printing *so well* for *not well* is noted, as it accounts for the plausible conjectural emendation of the later Folios, *so ill*. So again, in Act III. Sc. ii. l. 57, *bedawde* (for *bedawbde*) of Q₄ accounts for *bedeaw'd* of Q₅, and has accordingly found a place in my margins. It will be seen however that I have not been severe in the application of this rule, and many varying errors have been admitted, which doubtless might have been rejected. Those who are curious to ascertain the amount of error in the old copies may consult the collations of Mommsen and the Cambridge editors, where they will find many instances of printers' blunders recorded, such as by no possibility could be deserving of a moment's consideration in the settlement of

Q5. THE MOST | EXCELLENT | And Lamentable Tragedie | of Romeo and | Juliet. | As it hath been sundry times publikely Acted | by the Kings Majesties Servants | at the *Globe*. | Written by *W. Shake-speare*. | *Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.* | [*Smethwick's Device.*] LONDON, | Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at | his Shop in *St. Dunstons Church-yard* in Fleet street, | under the Dyall. 1637.

A hasty and separate perusal of (Q1) may leave the reader with the impression that it represents an earlier play than that given in the subsequent editions; read line for line with Q2 its true character soon becomes apparent. It is an edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. Q2 gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play. Still (Q1) is of great value as it affords the means of correcting many errors which had crept into the 'copy' from which Q2 was printed, and also, in its more perfect portions, affords conclusive evidence that that 'copy' underwent revision, received some slight augmentations, and, in some few places, must have been entirely re-written. This opinion is the result of my own independent investigations; but I do not put it forward as an original theory: I am happy to say that it places me in more or less close agreement with Mommsen, Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge editors, etc., to whose notes I refer the reader. ■ As however the study of this question, on which great diversity of opinion has been entertained, may perhaps be facilitated by pointing out the evidences contained in the parallel texts which led me to the opinion expressed above, I have here set them forth as briefly as possible under their several headings.

TRUE REPRESENTATION IN (Q1) OF PORTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL PLAY.

Act I. Sc. i. lines 153—214. The Dialogue between Romeo and Benvolio is line for line and almost word for word the same in both quartos. So again nearly the whole of Act I. Sc. ii. between Capulet and Paris in the first instance, and then between Capulet's servant and Romeo and Benvolio. Act I. Sc. iii. Juliet, her mother, and the Nurse; the first 28 lines of this scene are absolutely identical in both quartos. Act I. Sc. iv. Romeo and his friends prepare for their visit in masquerade to Capulet's house; with the exception of some *omissions*, and the imperfect version of the Queen Mab speech, the two quartos are here again substantially identical. So again in Act I. Sc. v. from the entry of the guests to the end, allowing for omissions in (Q1) and evident revisions in Q2, both quartos are substantially identical. The same may be said for Act II. Sc. i. ii. the famous balcony scene; for Sc. iii. between Romeo and Friar Lawrence; and for the larger portion of Sc. iv. between Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo, the Nurse and her man Peter.

Act III. Sc. ii. The Nurse announces to Juliet the banishment of Romeo. The Nurse's speeches in this scene are substantially identical in both quartos. Act III. Sc. iii. Romeo in concealment at the Friar's cell. By far the greater portion of this scene as given in (Q1) is substantially identical with Q2. Act III. Sc. v. The parting of the

Lovers in the first part of this scene is much alike in both quartos. So is the latter part of the scene, allowing for omissions in (Q1).

Act IV. Sc. i. At the Friar's cell. In both quartos the first part of this scene, till the exit of Paris, is almost identical. From this point to the end only scattered fragments of what I believe to have been the original play, as given in Q2, are to be found in (Q1).

SHORTENED PASSAGES.

Act I. Sc. i. The Prince's speech when he arrives to part the fray.—The dialogue between Mountague, his wife, and Benvolio. (Benvolio's account of the fray breaks down after the first two lines; but that his description, as given in Q2, was in existence when (Q1) was printed seems manifest when we examine his confused account in (Q1) of the fight in which Mercutio and Tibalt are slain (Act III. Sc. i.). There will be found one of the lines—'While we [they] were enterchaunging thrusts and blows'—which (Q1) here omits. Mountague omits the description of Romeo's melancholy humour, yet his remark—'Black and portentous must this humour prove,' etc., is retained.) Other evidence of shortened representation will be found in the abruptness of the conclusion of this scene in (Q1), together with the absolute agreement of the additional lines, given in Q2, with what had gone before. In Act I. Sc. iii. in the latter part of the scene, Lady Capulet's description of Paris, lines 66—81, was certainly not added in Q2, therefore its non-appearance in (Q1) may fairly be set down as the result of omission.

For the rest the gaps made in the text of (Q1) in arranging it opposite that of Q2 so clearly show the places where omissions are to be looked for, that it is needless to point them out here. I know of no passage of any importance throughout the play which was not probably in existence at the time (Q1) was printed. Here of course reserve must be made for substituted, revised, and slightly augmented passages.

IMPERFECT REPRESENTATION.

Compare in both Quartos, the Prologue, and, in the opening Scene, the dialogue between the Servants up to the actual commencement of the fray, and the summing up in (Q1) of the whole conduct of the fray in a descriptive stage direction. The impression this leaves on me is, that (Q1) is a text carelessly made up from imperfect notes. Other principal passages where this imperfect representation is apparent are Act I. Sc. iv., Mercutio's description of Queen Mab. Act II. Sc. v. Where the Nurse gives an account to Juliet of her embassy. Act III. Sc. i. In which occurs the fatal affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Act III. Sc. ii. In which the Nurse brings the account of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment to Juliet. (It should be however noted, that in this scene the corruptions and omissions are almost exclusively confined to Juliet's speeches; those of the Nurse are nearly perfect. Of the twenty-eight lines given to her in Q2, more than twenty are found in (Q1); and one of the additional lines of Q2—'Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ'—had been already given in (Q1) in Act II. Sc. v.)

Act III. Sc. v. After the departure of Romeo till the entry of Capulet.

Act IV. Sc. ii. to the end of the play. The greater portion of all this is evidently the result of rough notes carelessly made up. Here and there fragments more or less perfect of the original play are noticeable, and some passages (which I shall point out under their proper heading) seem to indicate a radical difference between the original play and that given in Q2. Note, as a particular instance of imperfect rendering, in Act V. Sc. i. Romeo's soliloquy on the Apothecary and his Shop.

PASSAGES POSSIBLY RE-WRITTEN FOR Q2.

Act II. Sc. vi. Romeo and Juliet meet at the Friar's cell to be married.

Act IV. Sc. v. The lamentations over the supposed dead body of Juliet.

Act V. Sc. iii. l. 12—17. Paris' address before the tomb of Juliet.

The essential differences between the two quartos in these passages cannot be accounted for as the result of imperfect note-taking during the performance. If they really existed in the original play in anything like the form they present in (Q1) they must have been re-written for Q2.

EVIDENCE OF REVISION OF THE 'COPY' FROM WHICH Q2 WAS PRINTED.

Proofs of this revision will be found throughout the Play; but here I shall content myself with giving two instances, the whole evidence for which will be found in the parallel texts, and which, as they admit of no doubt, will best serve the purpose of directing attention to this peculiarity of Q2. Act II. Sc. iii. lines 1—4. 'The grey eyde morne,' etc. Both quartos begin this scene with these four lines; but on comparison it will be seen that (Q1) has the better version: if, now, the reader will cast his eye higher up the page of Q2 he will find a third version of these four lines inserted in the midst of Romeo's last speech in the preceding scene. How did it come there? Evidently this third version was intended by the author as a substitute for the inferior version that (by the carelessness of the transcriber) had got into the 'copy' prepared for the printer of Q2; it was written on the margin, or on a paper attached to it. By an oversight, however, the original lines in the 'copy' were not struck through; and by a blunder the printer misplaced the revision where we now see it.

Act III. Sc. iii. lines 38—45. The admirable confusion these lines present in Q2 is here clearly the result of the revision of the 'copy' from which it was printed. The text of that copy must in the first instance have been identical with that presented by (Q1), which I here print in roman type, placing in the margin, in italics, the additions and revisions made on the 'copy' for Q2. I have also numbered the lines in the order it was intended they should appear.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. And steale immortall kisses from her lips; | <i>blessing</i> |
| 4. But Romeo may not, he is banished. | 2. <i>Who euen in pure and vestall modestie</i>
3. <i>Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.</i> |
| (5) Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye. | 5. <i>This may flies do, when I from this must flie,</i> |
| 6. <i>They are freemen but I am banished.</i> | 7. <i>And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?</i> |

In the first line *blessing* was properly substituted for *kisses*; lines 2 and 3, which are purely parenthetical, should then alone have been introduced; but the printer took all the four lines (2, 3, 5, 7) which he found on the right-hand margin of his 'copy' and inserted them together, allowing the cancelled line (5), for which the marginal line 5 is a substitute, to remain in the text. Line 6, I must suppose, got into its proper place from having been written on the opposite margin.

For some other special instances of this revision I must refer the reader to the notes to my revised text of the Play. Act I. Sc. i. l. 122, 123, Sc. iv. l. 62—64; Act III. Sc. ii. l. 85, 87, Sc. v. l. 177—181; Act IV. Sc. i. l. 95—98, 110; Act V. Sc. iii. l. 102, 103, 107.

I have now only to add a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. Q₂ is printed page for page and line for line with the original. The Acts and Scenes are numbered in the margin in accordance with the division of the 'Cambridge' and most modern editions. The lines of the text are numbered separately for each scene, but as printers' lines, it not being possible in this reprint to number them metrically.

(Q₁), which is nearly one quarter less than Q₂, (Q₁) has 2232 lines, including Prologue; Q₂, 3007), has necessarily been printed with gaps in the text in order to bring the parallel passages of the two quartos as nearly opposite each other as possible. It is, however, printed line for line with the original, and the commencement of each page is marked with an asterisk.

The system I have adopted for the marginal notes is founded on that of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare,' and will present no difficulty to those accustomed to that edition. Q stands for Quarto; Qq. for the agreement of Q₃, 4, 5; F for Folio; Ff. for the agreement of all the Folios. Only those quartos and folios are mentioned which differ from the text of Q₂. To save space where the difference between the text of Q₂ and other editions is merely a matter of punctuation, I have given the notes of punctuation within brackets, thus, Act I. Sc. i. l. 23, '*maids.*' [?] Ff. [!] Q₅.' signifies that the Folios instead of a period have a note of interrogation after *maids* and Q₅ a note of exclamation. It is of course only in passages where the sense is affected that I have taken notice of the punctuation.

The Society is much indebted to the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens for the loan of his valuable facsimiles (Ashbee's) of the Quarto editions, the temporary possession of which has greatly facilitated my task.

P. A. DANIEL.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Parallel Text Edition of the First Two Quartos,

(Q1) 1597—Q2, 1599,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND THE FOLIOS.

EDITED BY

P. A. DANIEL.



AN
 EXCELLENT
 conceited Tragedie
 OF
 Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with grèat applause)
 plaid publicuely, by the right Ho-
 nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*
 his Seruants.



LONDON,
 Printed by Iohn Danter.

1 5 9 7.

THE
M O S T E X =
cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of Romeo
and *Iuliet*.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended :*

As it hath bene sundry times publicquely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1 5 9 9.

The Prologue.

T*W*o household Friends alike in dignitie,
 (In faire Verona, where we lay out Seene)
 From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
*W*hose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
 A paire of starre-croft Louers tooke their life :
*W*hose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,

(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
 And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)

Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
 The which if you with patient eares attend,
*W*hat here we want wee'l studie to amend.

The Prologue.

Chorus.

T*wo households both alike in dignitie,
 (In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)
 From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
 where ciuill blood makes ciuill hands vncleane:
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
 A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life:
 whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
 Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
 The fearfull passage of their death-markt loue,
 And the continuance of their Parents rage:
 which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
 Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
 The which if you with patient eares attend,
 what heare shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.*

A 2

This Prologue is omitted
 in the Folio editions.

Chorus. Qq.

14. heare] here Qq.

[In this column the beginning of each page of the original edition of (Q1) is marked with an asterisk.]

The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Seruing-men of the Capolets.

I. 1

G *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.

1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
the collar.

4

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
runne away.

8

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
the wall of.

12

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
see I am a tall peece of flesh.

16

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
wouldst be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
off with their heads.

20

2 The

THE MOST EX- cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

[THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and IULIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna
Prima] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I. I.

*Enter Sampson and Gregorie, with Swords and Bucklers, of the
house of Capulet.*

S*amp.* *Gregorie*, on my word wee le not carrie Coles.

Greg. No, for then we should be Collyers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choller, wee le draw.

4 *Greg.* I while you lue, draw your necke out of choller.

Samp. I strike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moues me.

8 *Grego.* To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore if thou art moued thou runst away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall moue me to stand:

12 I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mounta-
gues*.

Grego. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes
to the wall.

16 *Samp.* Tis true, & therfore women being the weaker vessells
are euer thrust to the wall: therfore I wil push *Mountagues* men
from the wall, and thrust his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarell is betweene our maisters, and vs their
men.

20 *Samp.* Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant, when I haue
fought with the men, I will be ciuil with the maides, I will cut
off their heads.

A 3

Grego. The

1. on] A F1, 2, 3. a F4.

3. and] if Ff.

4. of choller] of the collar
Q4, 5. (collar Q5.) o' th
Collar Ff. (o' th F3, 4.)

13. a weake slaue.] weak
slave, F2, 3. weak, Slave,
F4.

15. Tis true] True Ff.
weaker] weakest F3, 4.

21. ciuil] ciuill Q3, F1.
ciuill F2. cruell Q4, 5.
ciuil F3, 4.
I will cut] and cut Ff.

- * 2 The heads of the maids?
 1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, 24
 take it in what fence thou wilt.
 2 Nay let them take it in fence that feele it, but heere
 comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

- 1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
 2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.
 1 Nay let vs haue the law on our fide, let them begin 36
 firft. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
 thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
 2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
 come after and frowne.
 1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs? 40
 1 I bite my thumbe.
 2 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs?
 1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our fide?
 2 No. 44
 1 I bite my thumbe.
 1 *Moun:* I but i'ft at vs? *Enter Beneuolio.*
 2 Say I, here comes my Mafters kinfman. 52

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the
 Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and
 his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince:

Grego. The heads of the maids.

24 *Samp.* I the heads of the maidens, or their maiden heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sense that feele it.

28 *Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy tooles, here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other seruing men.

32 *Samp.* My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

36 *Sam.* Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

40 *Abram.* Do you bite your thumbe at vs fir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe fir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs fir?

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

44 *Greg.* No.

Samp. No fir, I do not bite my thumbe at you fir, but I bite my thumbe fir.

Greg. Do you quarell fir?

48 *Abra.* Quarell fir, no fir.

Sā. But if you do fir, I am for you, I serue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well fir. *Enter Benuolio.*

52 *Greg.* Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Sam. Yes better fir.

Abra. You lie.

56 *Samp.* Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

23. maids.] [?] Ff. [!] Q5.

26. sense] in sense Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

30. Mountagues] the Mountagues Ff.

33. How,] [?] Ff.
backe] [,] Fr. [;] F2.
runne?] [,] F1, 2.

35. thee.] [!] Q5.

39. is] is a Qq. Ff.

43. of] on Q5.

48. sir,] [?] Ff.

49. But if] If Ff.

50. better.] [?] Ff.

53. sir] om. Ff.

55. washing] swashing Q4, 5.

Prince: Rebellois subiects enemies to peace,

On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.

80

Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.

84

If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

Enter Tibalt.

60 *Tibalt.* What art thou drawne among these hartleffe bindes ?
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword,
or manage it to part these men with me.

64 *Tib.* What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partifons, strike, beate them downe,
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gowne, and his wife.

68 *Capu.* What noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And florishes his blade in sight of me.

Enter old Mountague and his wife.

72 *Mount.* Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. Wife. 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his traine.

76 *Prince.* Rebellois subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned steele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines:

80 On paine of torture from those bloudie hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.

Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,

By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,

84 Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets;

And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens,

Cast by their graue befeeming ornaments,

To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

88 Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate,

If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

63. *drawne*] draw Ff.

[Fight] Ff.

[or partysons] om. Ff.

69. *crowch*] crutch Ff. Q5.

70. *My*] A F4.

72. *Capulet, hold*] *Capulet.*

Hold Ff. *Capulet: hold*

Q5.

73. *M. Wife. 2.*] 2. *Wife.*

Ff.

one] a Ff.

79. *torture . . . hands,*]

Torture, . . . hands F1,

2, 3, Q5. *torture, . . .*

hands, Q4.

those] *these* F2, 3, 4.

80. *mistempered*] *mistem-*

per'd Ff. Q5.

82. *brawles*] *Broyles* Ff.

85. *Neronas*] *Verona's* Qq.

Ff.

Your

* Your liues shall pay the ranfome of your fault :
 For this time every man depart in peace.
 Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
 And *Moutague*, come you this after noone,
 To know our farther pleasure in this cafe,
 To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
 Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who fet this auncient quarrel firft abroach ?
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began ?

Benuo: Here were the feruants of your aduerfaries,
 And yours clofe fighting ere I did approach.

Wife: Ah where is *Romeo*, faw you him to day ?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt funne
 Peept through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled thought drew me from companie :
 Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
 That Westward rooteth from the Citties fide,
 So early walking might I fee your sonne.
 I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
 And drew into the thicket of the wood :
 I noting his affections by mine owne,
 That moft are buſied when th'are moſt alone,

Purſued my honor, not purſuing his.

Moun:

Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away :
92 You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case :
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place :
96 Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Ereunt.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduerſarie
100 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword preparte,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
104 He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in ſcorne :
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
108 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
112 Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side :
116 So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I meafuring his affections by my owne,
120 Which then most fought, where most might not be
Being one too many by my wearie selfe, (found :
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.

Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With

94. *farther*] *Fathers* Q3,
F1, 2, 3. *Father's* F4.
further Q5.

104. *swoong*] *swong* Qq. Ff.

110. *I am*] *am* I Qq. Ff.

113. *driue*] *druve* Qq. Ff.

114. *Syramour*] *sycamore*
Q5. *sycamour* Ff.

120. *sought*] [,] om. Q5.

123. *shunned*] *shunn'd* Ff.
Q5.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

136

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
He know his grievance, or be much denied.

* *Moun:* I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benuo: Good morrow Cofen.

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Ben: But new stroke nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

152

156

Rom:

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
 Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe fighes,
 But all so foone, as the alcheering Sunne,
 Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
 The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
 Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
 And priuate in his Chamber peignes himselfe,
 Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
 And makes himselfe an artificall night:
 Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
 Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

125. *mornings*] *morning*
 F3, 4.

127. *alcheering*] *all cheer-*
ing Qq. *all-cheering* Ff.

134. *portendous*] *portenious*
 F2, 3, 4.

Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,

139. *other*] *others* Ff.

But he is owne affections counsellor,

140. *is*] *his* Qq. Ff.

Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)

But to himselfe so secret and so close,

So farre from founding and discouerie,

As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,

Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,

Or dedicate his bewtie to the fame.

Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,

Ille know his greeuance or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,

To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.

Romeo. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?

B

Rom. Not

Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

Ben: In loue. (short. 160

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of loue.

Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe. 164

Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here? 168

Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue,
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create! 172

O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is: 176
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben: No Coſe I rather weepe.

Rom: Good hart at what? 180

Ben: At thy good hearts oppreſſion.

Ro: Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſſion,
* Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldſt propagate to haue them preſt 184

With more of thine, this grieve that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more grieve to too much of mine owne:

Loue is a ſmoke raiſde with the fume of ſighes
Being purgde, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes; 188

Being vext, a ſea raging with a louers teares.
What is it elſe? A madnes moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preferuing ſweet. Farewell Coſe. 192

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro:

- Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes thē fhort.
 160 Ben. In loue.
 Rom. Out.
 Ben. Of loue.
 Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
 164 Ben. Alas that loue fo gentle in his view,
 Should be fo tirannous and rough in prooffe.
 Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
 Should without eyes, fee pathwaies to his will :
 168 Where fhall we dine ? ô me ! what fray was here ?
 Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all :
 Heres much to do with hate, but more with lote :
 Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
 172 O any thing of nothing firft created :
 O heaue lightneffe, ferious vanitie,
 Mifhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
 Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ficke health,
 176 Still waking ſleepe that is not what it is.
 This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
 Doeſt thou not laugh ?
 Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
 180 Rom. Good hart at what ?
 Benu. At thy good harts oppreſſion.
 Romeo. Why ſuch is loutes tranſgreſſion :
 Griefes of mine owne lie heaue in my breaft,
 184 Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preaſt,
 With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
 Doth ad more grieve, too too much of mine owne.
 Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of fighes,
 188 Being purgd, a fire ſparkling in louers eies,
 Being vext, a ſea nourifht with louing teares,
 What is it elſe ? a madneffe, moſt diſcreete,
 A choking gall, and a preferuing ſweete :
 192 Farewell my Coze.
 Ben. Soft I will go along :
 And if you leaue me ſo, you do me wrong.

But

160. In loue.] [?] Q5.

162. Of loue.] [?] Q5.

172. created] create F2, 3, 4.

174. welſeeing] welſee-
ing Q4 F2. well ſeeing
Q5. well-ſeeing F3,
4.

183. mine] my Q4, 5.

184. propogate] propagate
Qq. Ff.

186. too too] to too Qq. Ff.

187. with] of F4.

Ro: Tut I haue loft my felfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's fome other where.

195

Ben: Tell me in fadnes whome fhe is you loue?

Ro: What fhall I grone and tell thee?

Ben: Why no, but fadly tell me who.

Ro: Bid a fickman in fadnes make his will.

200

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is fo ill.

In fadnes Cofen I doo loue a woman.

Ben: I aimde fo right, when as you faid you lou'd.

Ro: A right good mark-man, and fhee's faire I loue.

204

Ben: A right faire marke faire Cofe is foonest hit.

Ro: But in that hit you miffe, fhee'le not be hit

With *Cupids* arrow, fhe hath *Dianaes* wit,

And in ftrong prooffe of chafitie well arm'd:

208

Gainft *Cupids* childifh bow fhe liues vn harm'd,

Shée'le not abide the fiedge of louing tearmes,

Nor ope her lap to Saint feducing gold,

212

Ah fhe is rich in beautie, only poore,

That when fhe dies with beautie dies her ftore.

Exeu.

196 *Rom.* Tut I haue loft my felfe, I am not here,
 This is not *Romeo*, hees fome other where.
Ben. Tell me in fadneffe, who is that you loue ?
Ro. What fhall I grone and tell thee ?
Ben. Grone, why no : but fadly tell me who ?
 200 *Ro.* A ficke man in fadneffe makes his will :
 A word ill vrgd to one that is fo ill :
 In fadneffe Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde fo neare, when I fupposde you lou'd.
 204 *Ro.* A right good mark man, and fhees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is fooneft hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you miffe, fheel not be hit
 With *Cupids* arrow, fhe hath *Dians* wit :
 208 And in ftrong prooue of chafitie well armd,
 From loues weak childifh bow fhe liues vncharmd.
 Shee will not ftaie the fiege of louing tearmes,
 Nor bide th'incounter of affailing eies.
 212 Nor ope her lap to faint feducing gold,
 O fhe is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
 That when fhe dies, with bewtie dies her ftoe.
Ben. Thē fhe hath fworn, that fhe wil ftill liue chaffe ?
 216 *Ro.* She hath, and in that fparing, make huge wafte :
 For bewtie fteru'd with her feueritie,
 Cuts bewtie off from all pofteritie.
 She is too faire, too wife, wifely too faire,
 220 To merit bliffe by making me difpaire :
 Shee hath forfworne to loue, and in that vow,
 Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
 224 *Ro.* O teach me how I fhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
 Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquifit) in queftion more,
 228 Thefe happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
 Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire :
 He that is ftrooken blind, cannot forget

195. Tut] But F3, 4.

199. me who?] me who :
 Q4. me who. F1, 2, 3,
 Q5. me, who. F4.
 200. A . . . makes] Bid a
 . . . make Q4, 5. A . . .
 in good sadness makes
 F2, 3, 4.
 201. A word] O, word F2,
 3, 4.
 204. mark man] marks-man
 F3, 4.

213. rich, in bewtie] rich
 in beauty, Qq. Ff.

216. make] makes F2, 3, 4,
 Q4, 5.
 217. fteru'd] staru'd F4.

219. is too] is to Q4.
 wise, wisely] wisely: sely
 F1. wise wisely F2.

228. These] Those F3, 4.

229. puts] put Q5, F3, 4.

230. strooken] stricken Q5,
 F3, 4.

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

I. 2.

* Of honorable reckoning are they both,
And pittie tis they liue at ods so long :
But leauing that, what say you to my sute ?

4

Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attaine to fourteene yeares :
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

8

Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.

12

Cap: But too soone made are these so early married :

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.

16

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue : yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light :
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,

20

24

28

And

232 The precious treafure of his eye-fight loft,
 Shew me a miftrefle that is paffing faire,
 What doth her bewtie ferue but as a note,
 Where I may reade who paff that paffing faire :
 Farewel, thou canft not teach me to forget,
 236 *Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or elfe die in debt. *Exeunt.*
 I. 2. *Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*
Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
 In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
 For men fo old as we to keepe the peace.
 4 *Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both,
 And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods fo long :
 But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute ?
Capu. But faying ore what I haue faid before,
 8 My child is yet a fraunger in the world,
 Shee hath not feene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
 Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
 12 *Par.* Younger then ſhe, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too foone mard are thoſe fo early made :
 Earth hath fwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
 Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth :
 16 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
 My will to her conſent, is but a part.
 And ſhee agreed, within her ſcope of choiſe
 Lyes my conſent, and faire according voyce :
 20 This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
 Where to I haue inuited many a gueſt :
 Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
 One more, moſt welcome makes my number more :
 24 At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
 Earthtreading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light :
 Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
 When well appareld Aprill on the heele,
 28 Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
 Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night
 Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee :

And

ACT I. SCENE 2.

1. *But*] om. Q3, Ff. *And*
 Q4, 5.

14. *Earth*] *The earth*
 Q4, 5. *Earth up* F2, 3, 4.
swallowed] *swallow'd* Q5.
 15. *Shees*] *Shee's* F1. *She*
 is Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

18. *agreed*] *agree* Qq. Ff.

29. *fennell*] *Female* F2,
 3, 4.

And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you firra, goe trudge about
Through faire Verona streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,
and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker
with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
with his Penfill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate grieve cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton lease is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a madman is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.

Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee :
 Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckning none.
 Come go with me, go firrah trudge about,
 Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his penfill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
 On paine is lesned by an others anguish,
 Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning :
 One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish :
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.

Romeo. Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is :
 Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
 Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read ?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke :

But I pray can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

32. one more view,] (*veiw*
Q3, F1.) on more view
Q4, 5.

42. here] om. Ff.

44. out,] [,] om. Qq. Ff.

45. On] One Qq. Ff.

48. thy eye] the eye Qq. Ff.

56. Godden] Good-e'en F4.

57. Godgigoden] God gⁱ
 Good-e'en F4.

59. learned] learn'd Ff.

He reads the Letter.

S *Eigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anfelme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of
Vtruuiio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnclé Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and
Liulia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cofen Tibalt, Lucio
and the liuelie Hellenia.*

A faire affembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Ro: Whose house?

Ser: My Masters.

Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

*Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest*

*Ben: At this same auncient feast of Capulets, [you merrie.
Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:*

With all the admired beauties of Verona,

Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

*Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,*

And these who often drownde could neuer die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers

One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poyfd with her selfe in either eye:*

But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide

That I will shew you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ile goe along no such fight to be showne,

But

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

92

96

He reads the Letter.

64 **S**eigneur Martino, & his wife and daughters: Countie Anselmē
 And his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuiio, Seigneur
 Placentio, and his louely Neece: Mercutio and his brother Va-
 lentine: mine Vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece
 68 Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio
 and the liuely Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

72 Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

76 Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great
 rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I
 pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

80 Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,

Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,

84 Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
 Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:

88 And these who often drownde, could neuer die,

Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue, the all seeing Sun,

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

92 Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by,

Her selfe poyfd with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Christall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladies loue against some other maide:

96 That I will shew you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such fight to be showne,

But

64. daughters] daughter Ff.
 Anselmē] Anselme Qq.
 Fi, 2. Anselm F3, 4.
 65. Viruuiio] Vitruvio
 F3, 4.

72, 73. Whither to supper?
 Ser. To] Whither to
 supper. Ser? To Q3.
 Whither to supper. Ser.
 To Q4. Whither? to
 supper? Ser. To Ff. Q5.

[Exit.] Ff.

81. loves] lovest F2, 3, 4,
 Q5.

90. love,] [?] Q3, 4. [:] Fi.
 [!] F2, 3, 4. Q5.

92. Tut] Tut Tut F2.
 Tut, tut F3, 4.

97. seemes] shewes Qq.
 Fi, 2. shews F3, 4.

*

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

I. 3.

Wife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. *WTher's this girle? what Iuliet.* *Enter Iuliet.*

4

Iuliet: How now who cal's?

Nurce: Your Mother.

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

W: This is the matter. Nurce giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'fe heare our counsaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

8

Nurce: Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.

12

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

16

Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine; But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is aleauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his

20

24

28

32

*

ACT I. SCENE 3.

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,

Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. Your mother.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talk in secrect. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred mee, thou'lt heare our counsel. Thou knowest my daughters of a pretie age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night, *stall* she be fourteen. Susan and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But

as I said, on Lammas Eue at night, shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weaned I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies

of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the Doue-house wall. My Lord and

you were then at Mantua, nay I doo beare a braine. But as I said, when it did taste the worme-wood on the nipple of my dug, and

felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need I trow to bid me trudge:

and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand hylone, nay byth roode she could haue run and waddled all about: for euen

the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with

his

2. yeare] yeeres Q5. years
F4

10. our] my F4.
knowest] know'st Q5.

14. teene] teeth F2, 3, 4.

19. stal] shall Qq. Ff.

21. that] then Q4, 5.

24. of the] in the Q5, F3, 4.

30. a leuen] a eleuen F1.
eleuen F2, 3, 4, Q5.
hylone] a lone Q3. alone
The rest.

31. byth] bi'th Q3, 4. bi'th
F1, 2, 3. byth Q5, F4.

*his soule, hee was a merrie man :
Dost thou fall forward, Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when
thou hast more wit : wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a
ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hun-
dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?
and by my troth she fainted and cried I.*

35

Iuliet : And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

*Nurce : Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his
grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nursed, might
I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

48

*Wife : And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame
I meant to talke of: Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you af-
fected to be married?*

52

Iul : It is an honor that I dreame not off.

*Nurce : An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I
would say thou hadst sucked wisedome from thy Teat.*

*Wife : Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris seekes
thee for his Wife.*

56

*Nurce : A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all
the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

Wife : Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.

64

Nurce : Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

Wife :

his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth he, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holydam, the pretie wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a ieast shall come about: I warrant, and I should liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretie foole it fainted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: a perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comcest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It fainted, and said I.

Iuli. And foint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nursed, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marrie, that marrie is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet, How stands your dispositions to be married?

Iuliet. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teate.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Here in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made alreadie mothers by my count. I was your mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a maide, thus then in brieft: The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hees a man of ware.

Old La. Veronas Sommer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hees a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Reade ore the volume of young Paris face,

35. Iule] Iulet F2, 3.
Iuliet F4.

37. and I should] and I shall Qq. F1, 2.

38. Iule] Iulet F1, 2, 3.
Iuliet F4.

41. vpon] on Q5.
it brow] its brow F3, 4.

44. Iule] Iulet F2, 3. Iuliet F4.

46. stint thou] stent thou F3. stint thee F4.

47. too] to F2, 3, 4, Q5.

51. Iuliet] Iulet F2, 3.

52. dispositions] disposition F1.

53. It is] 'Tis F3, 4.
houre] hour F3, 4.

54. houre] hour F3, 4.

thine] om. Q4, 5.

say] say that F3, 4.

55. wisdom] thy wisdom Q4, 5.

58. mothers by my count.] ([,] Q4, [:] Q5) mothers. By my count F1. (count, F2, 4.)

62. world.] [,] Q3, 5 [—] F4.

68. Paris] Paris's F4.

And

[Enter Clowne] catch-
word.

*

Wife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

84

[Enter Clowne.]

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie,*
the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie,
make haf for I must be gone to waite.

88

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

I. 4.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.

4

But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

8

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Beeing

And find delight, writ there with bewties pen,
Examine euery married liniament,
And see how one an other lends content.
72 And what obscurde in this faire volume lies,
Finde written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious booke of loue, this vnbound louer,
To bewtifie him, onely lacks a Couer.

76 The fish liues in the sea, and tis much pride
For faire without the faire, within to hide:
That booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie
That in gold claspes locks in the golden storie:

80 So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

84 *Iuli.* Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,

Then your consent giues strength to make flie. *Enter Seruing.*

88 *Ser.* Madam the guefts are come, supper seru'd vp, you cald,
my young Lady askt for, the *Nurse* curst in the Pantrie, and e-
uerie thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you
follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie staies.

92 *Nur.* Go gyrl, seeke happie nights to happie dayes.

Exeunt.

I. 4. *Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with fve or fixe other*
Maskers, torchbearers.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without appologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
4 Weele haue no *Cupid*, hudwinckt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.

But let them measure vs by what they will,

8 Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a torch, I am not for this ambling,

C

Being

70. married] severall Qq.
Ff.

77. faire, within] [.] om.
Qq. Ff.
78. manies] many Q5.

82. bigger] [:] Ff.

86. make] make it Q4, 5,
F2, 3, 4.
[Enter a Seruing man.] Ff.

[Exit.] Ff.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

4. hudwinckt] hood-winckt
Q4, 5, F4. hood winkt
F1, 2, 3.

Beeing but heaue I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a foule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

12

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

28

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the fenceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerd with a Grandfire phrase,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

36

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse, the Cunftables old word,
If thou bee'st Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stick'st.
Leaue this talkè, we burne day light here.

40

* *Rom:* Nay thats not so. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement fits

44

Three

Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gētle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

12 *Ro.* Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes

With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade

So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,

16 And fore with them about a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,

To fore with his light feathers, and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe,

20 Vnder lous heauie birthen do I fincke.

Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,

24 Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue

Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,

Giue me a case to put my visage in,

28 A visor for a visor, what care I

What curious eye doth cote deformities:

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,

32 But euery man betake him to his legs.

Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart

Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerbd with a graunfire phrase,

36 Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.

Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables own word

If thou art dun, wee draw thee from the mire

40 Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest

Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.

Ro. Nay thats not so.

Mer. I meane sir in delay

44 We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:

Take our good meaning, for our indgement fits,

Fiue

13. soule] soale F1. sole
F2, 3, 4.

17. enpearced] impearced
F2, 3. impearced F4.

18. so bound,] to bound:
F1, 4. to bond: F2, 3.

21. Horatio.] Hora. Ff.
Mercu. Q4. Mer. Q5.

24. boystrous] boysterous
Q3, 5. Ff.
and] om. F3, 4.

29. cote] quote Qq. Ff.

35. graunsire] Grandsier
Ff. (-sire F4.)

37. dum] dun Qq. done
F1, 2, 3. Dun F4.

39. mire] [.] Ff. [.] Q5.

40. Or saue you reuerence]
(your Ff.) Or, saue your
reuerence, F4.

42. Nay] om. Q4, 5.

43. sir in delay] sir in
delay, Q4, 5. sir I de-
lay, F1. sir I, delay, F2.
sir I delay. F3. sir, I
delay. F4.

44. lights lights] lights,
lighis, Ff.

45. indgement] judgement
Qq. Ff.

Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer: Why *Romeo* may' one aske?

Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer: And so did I. *Rom*: Why what was yours?

Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.

Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.

Ben: Queene Mab whats she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come

In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone

On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,

Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,

Athwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.

Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,

The couer, of the wings of Grafhoppers,

The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,

The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,

Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,

Not halfe so big as is a little worme,

Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,

And in this fort she gallops vp and downe

Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:

O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curfies dreame

O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:

Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breathes with sweetmeats tainted are:

Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

* And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,

And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,

Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,

And then dreames he of another benefice:

Sometime she gallops ore a fouldiers nose,

And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,

Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,

Of healthes fise fadome deepe, and then anon

Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,

And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,

And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,

This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horfes in

And plats the Elfelocks in foule fluttish haire,

Which once vntangled much misfortune breeds.

Rom:

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Mask,

48 But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one aske ?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

52 Ro. Well what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Ro. In bed asleep while they do dream things truē.

Mer. O then I fee Queene Mab hath bin with you :

56 She is the Fairies inidwife, and she comes in shape no bigger thē
an Agot stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne with
a teeme of little ottamie, ouer mens noses as they lie asleep : her
waggō spokes made of lōg spinners legs: the couer, of the wings
60 of Grashoppers, her traces of the smallest spider web, her collors
of the moonshines watry beams, her whip of Crickets bone, the
lash of Philome, her waggoner , a small grey coated Gnat, not
half so big as a round litle worme, prickt from the lazie finger of
64 a man. Her Charriot is an emptie Hafel nut, Made by the Ioyner
squirrel or old Grub, time out amind, the Fairies Coatchmakers :
and in this state she gallops night by night, throug louers brains,
and then they dreame of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame
68 on Curfies strait, ore Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees,
ore Ladies lips who strait one kiffes dream, which oft the angrie
Mab with blisters plagues , becaufe their breath with sweete
meates tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose,
72 and then dreames he of smelling out a sute : and sometime comes
she with a tithepigs tale, tickling a Persons nose as a lies asleepe,
then he dreams of an other Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore
a fouldiers neck, and then dreames he of cutting forrain throates,
76 of breaches, ambuscados, spanish blades : Of healths fiue fadome
deepe , and then anon drums in his eare , at which he starts and
wakes, and being thus frightened, sweares a praiser or two & sleeps
again : this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
80 night : and bakes the Elkllocks in foule fluttish haire , which
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

C 2

This

57. an Agot stone] an Agat
stone Qq. an Agat-
stone Ff. (an om. F1, 2.)

58. ottamie] atomies Qq.
Ff.

59. spokes] spoke's F3, 4.

60. traces] Trace F3, 4.

spider] Spiders Ff. Q5.

collors] collers Qq. coul-

lers F1. collars F2, 3, 4.

62. Philome] filme F2, 3, 4.

grey coated] gray-coated

F1, 3.

63. lazie finger] Lazie-

finger F1, 3.

64. man] woman F2, 3, 4.

65. amind] a mind Q3, 4.

F1, 2. of mind Q5, F3, 4.

67. Courtiers] Countries

F2, 3, 4.

69. one] on Qq. Ff.

71. Sometime] sometimes
Q5.

73. with a] with F1.

Persons] Parsons Qq. Ff.

(Parson's F4.)

a lies] he lies F2, 3, 4.

77. eare] eares Ff.

80. Elkllocks] Ellocks Q4,

5. F2, 3, 4.

81. untangled] entangled

F3. intangled F4.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,

Which are the Children of an idle braine,

Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,

Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,

And more inconstant than the winde,

Which woos euen now the frostie bowels of the north,

And being angred puffs away in haste,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.

Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues

Some consequence is hanging in the stars,

Which bitterly begins his fearefull date

With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme

Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,

By some vntimelie forfeit of vile death :

But he that hath the steerage of my course

Directs my faile, on lustie Gentlemen.

88

92

96

100

104

I. 5.

Enter

This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to beare,
84 Making them women of good carriage :
This is she.

85. *sh.*] [-] F2, 3, 4

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

88 Mer. True, I talke of dreames :

Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie :
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
92 And more inconstant then the wind who woos,
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North :
And being angerd puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dewe dropping South.

92. *inconstant*] *unconstant*
Q5, F3, 4

96 Ben. This wind you talk of, blows vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too earlie, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
100 Shall bitterly begin his fearfull date,
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clofde in my brest :
By some vile fofreit of vntimely death.
104 But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my fute, on lustie Gentlemen.

103. *fofreit*] *forfeit* Qq. Ff.

104. *stirrage*] *steerage* Q5,
F4.

Ben. Strike drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with
Napkins.*

.. with their napkins.] Ff.

Enter Romeo.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

[Enter Seruant.] Ff.

Ser. Wheres Potpan that he helps not to take away ?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher ?

1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands
4 And they vnwasht too, tis a foule thing.

3. *all*] om. Ff.

Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert,
looke to the plate, good thou, faue me a peece of March-pane,
and as thou loues me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and
8 *Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

5. *ioynstooles*] Hyphened
Q5, F3, 4.

Court-cubbert] *court-cub-*
bord F1, 2, 3. *court-cup-*
board Q5, F4.

7. *loves*] *lovest* Ff.

2. I Boy

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Miftreffes, 16
Which of you all will now refufe to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, thee Ile fweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
(come,

More lights you knaues, & turn thefe tables vp,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah firra, this vnlookt for ſport comes well,
Nay fit, nay fit, good Cofen *Capulet:*
For you and I are paſt our ſtanding dayes, 28
How long is it ſince you and I were in a Maske?

Cof: By Ladie fir tis thirtie yeares at leaſt. 32
Cap: Tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecoſt* as quicklie as it will,
Some five and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
Cof: Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder far. 36
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be ſo,
His ſonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe, 40
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

Rom:

2. I boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and fought for in the great chamber.

12 3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you :
16 Ah my misteffes, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,
She Ile fwear hath Corns : am I come neare ye now ?
Welcome gentlemen, I haue seene the day
20 That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Mufitions play.

Musick playes and they dance.

24 A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it gyrles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp :
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well :
28 Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing dayes :
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske ?

32 2. Capu. Berlady thirtie yeares.

1. Capu. What man tis not so much, tis not so much,
Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio* :
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
36 Some fwe and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

2. Capu. Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder fir :
His sonne is thirtie.

1. Capu. Will you tell me that ?
40 His sonne was but a ward 2. yeares ago.

10. and cald] call F₃, 4.

12. 3.] 1. Ff.

16. Ah my] Ah me, F₂,
3, 4.

23. gentlemen come,] gen-
tlemen, come Q^q. Ff.

24. A hall, a hall,] A
Hall, Hall, Ff.

25. you] ye F₂, 3, 4.

32. Berlady] By'r lady F₄.

34. Lucientio:] Lucientio,
Q₃, 4. Lucentio, F₁,
3, 4. Lucentio. F₂.

39. 1. Capu.] 3 Cap. Ff.

40. 2.] two Q^q. Ff.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O thee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

44

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vs, for earth too deare:

So shines a snow-white Swan troupung with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shoves.

48

The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it fight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

52

Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and iere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

56

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.

60

Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

64

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*.

(man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-

And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

68

72

Beare a faire preface, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

76

Ile

Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir.

44 Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night:

As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,

Bewtie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:

48 So shoves a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shoves:

The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

52 Did my hart loue till now, forswear it fight,

For I nere saw true bewtie till this night.

Tib. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.

Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue

56 Come hither couerd with an anticque face,

To fleere and sorne at our solemnitie?

Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

60 Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme

Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you so?)

A villaine that is hither come in spight,

To sorne at our solemnitie this night.

64 Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.

Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.

Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,

A beares him like a portly Gentleman:

68 And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,

To be a vertuous and welgouerned youth,

I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,

Here in my house do him disparagement;

72 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,

An illbeseeming semblance for a feast.

76 Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a gueft,

41. Ladies] *Ladie* is Qq.
Ff.

45. It seemes she] *Her*
beauty F2, 3, 4.

46. As] *Like* F2, 3, 4.

53. nere] *ne're* Q5. *nerer*
Ff.

55. what] [?] Q5.

64. it.] [?] Ff. Q5.

70. this] *the* Ff.

He not indure him.

Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you?

You'le not indure him? God shall mend my foule -

You'le make a mutenie amongst my guefts,

You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

Ti: Vncle tis a shame.

*

Ca: Goe too, you are a faucie knaue,

This tricke will scath you one day I know what.

Well faid my hartes. Be quiet:

More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,

Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,

This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:

My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,

To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too

Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,

For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,

And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

Ro: Why then faire faint, let lips do what hands doo,

They pray, yeeld thou, leaft faith turne to dispaire.

Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier
forlake.

Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!

Giue

80

84

92

96

100

104

108

112

Ile not endure him.

Capu. He shall be endured.

What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,

80 Am I the master here or you? go too,

Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,

Youle make a mutinie among my guefts:

You wil fet cock a hoope, youle be the man.

84 *Ti.* Why Vncle, tis a shame.

Capu. Go too, go too,

You are a fawcie boy, ift fo indeed?

This trick may chance to scath you I know what,

88 You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,

Well said my hearts, you are a princox, go,

Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,

Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.

92 *Ti.* Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, conuert to bittrest gall. *Exit.*

96 *Ro.* If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,

My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,

To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.

100 *Iu.* Good Pilgrim you do wrōg your hād too much

Which mannerly deuocion shoues in this,

For faints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,

And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.

104 *Ro.* Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?

Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praire.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

108 *Iu.* Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers sake.

Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.

Iu. Thē haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

112 *Ro.* Sin from my lips, ô trespass sweetly vrgd:

Giue

79. *What*] [?] Q5. [.] F4.

82. *my*] *the* Ff.

83. *set*] *set* a Q4, 5.

86. *ist*] *'tis* F2, 3, 4.

90. *or more light, more light for shame, or (more light, more light for shame) Q5. or more light, for shame, F2, 3, 4.*

95. *bittrest*] *bitter* Qq. Ff.

97. *sin*] *sinne* Q4, 5.

98. *two*] *to* Fr.

id] om. F2, 3, 4. Q5.

102. *that*] *the* F3, 4.
hands do] *hand, do* F2, 3, 4.

109. *I*] *doe* F2, 3, 4.

Giue me my sinne againe.

Iu.: You kiffe by the booke.

Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*

Rom.: What is her mother?

116

Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the hourse, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurse her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*

120

Rom.: Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

124

Ca.: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

128

They whisper in his eare.

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?

Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,

I promise you but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:

Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Iul.: *Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?*

Nur.: *The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.*

Iul.: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

136

Nur.: *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.* (dance?)

Iul.: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur.: *I know not.*

Iul.: Goe learne his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

140

Nur.: *His name is Romeo and 'a Mountague, the onely sonne of your great enemye.*

Iul.: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late: ,
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemye.

144

Nurse.: *Whats this? what's that?*

148

Iul.:

Sce Q2. Act III. Sc. 4.
lines 6, 7, and 34.

Giue me my fin againe.

Iuli. Youe kiffe bith booke.

Nurf. Madam your mother craues a word with you.

116 *Ro.* What is her mother?

Nurf. Marrie Batcheler,

Her mother is the Lady of the houle,

And a good Ladie, and a wife and vertuous,

120 I Nurft her daughter that you talkt withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall haue the chincks.

Ro. Is she a *Capulet*?

124 O deare account! my life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away begon, the sport is at the best.

Ro. I fo I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,

128 We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:

Is it ene fo? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.

132 Ah firrah, by my faie it waxes late,

Ile to my rest.

[Exeunt.] F2, 3, 4.

Iuli. Come hither Nurfe, what is yond gentleman?

Nurf. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.

136 *Iuli.* Whats he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dāce?

Nur. I know not.

140 *Iuli.* Go aske his name, if he be married,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurf. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,

The onely sonne of your greatemie.

144 *Iuli.* My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,

That I must loue a loathedemie.

148 *Nurf.* Whats tis? whats tis.

Iu. A

114. *bith*] *by'th'* F1, 2. *by*
th' F3, 4.

136. *of*] *of the* Q4, 5.

137. *be*] *to be* F3, 4.

141. *wedding*] *wedded* F1.

143. *your*] *our* F2, 3, 4.

148. *tis?* . . . *tis.*] *tis?* . . .
is? Qq. *this?* . . . *this?*
Ff.

Iul: Nothing Nurfe but a rime I learnt euen now of
one I dancft with.

Nurfe: *Come your mother ftiaies for you, Ile goe a long
with you.* *Exeunt.*

*

Enter Romeo alone.

II. 1

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: *Romeo, my cofen Romeo.*

Mer: Doeft thou heare he is wife,
Vpon my life he hath ftolne him home to bed.

4

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*.

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, pafsion, liuer, appeare thou in
likenes of a figh: fpeak but one rime & I am fatisfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, fpeake to
my goffip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
purblynde fonne and heire

8

12

young

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danct withall.

One calls within Iuliet.

Nurf. Anon, anon :

152 Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

Ereunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
4 With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes :
But to his foe supposd he must complaine,
8 And she steale lones sweete bait from fearful hookes :
Being held a foe, he may not haue accessse
To breathe such vowes as louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much leffe,
12 To meete her new beloued any where :
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete,

152. all are] are all Q4.

3. gronde for] groned Q5.

4. match] matcht Qq. Ff.

II. I.

Enter Romeo alone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

2. thy] my F2, 3, 4.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cofen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

4 *Mer.* He is wife, and on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio* :

Nay Ile coniure too.

8 *Mer.* *Romeo*, humours, madman, passion louer,

Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh,

Speake but on rime and I am satisfied :

Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,

12 Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,

One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,

D

Young

7. Nay . . . too] Restored to *Mercutio* by Q4, 5.

8. Mer.] om. Q4, 5.

10. on] one Qq. Ff.

11. Crie but ay me] Cry me but ay me F1. Cry me but ayme F2, 3. Cry me but aim F4.

prouaunt] Prouant F1. pronounce Q4, 5. Couply F2, 3, 4.

day] die Q4. aye Q5.

13. for] to Q5.

her] heire Q4, 5.

young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee
that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse
thou appeare to vs.

16

20

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld
raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde
it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure onely but
to raise vp him.

24

28

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted wth the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

32

* *Mer*: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

36

40

Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sunne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:

II. 2.

4

That

Young *Abraham* : *Cupid* he that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
 16 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
 The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
 I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
 20 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
 And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
 That in thy likeneffe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
 24 *Mer.* This cannot anger him, twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
 28 That were some spight.
 My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
 I coniure onely but to raise vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
 32 To be comforted with the humerous night :
 Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.
Mar. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
 Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
 36 And with his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
 As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
 O *Romeo* that she were, o that she were
 An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
 40 *Romeo* goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
 Come shall we go ?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to feeke him here
 44 That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
 II. 2. *Ro.* He jeasts at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
 But soft, what light through yonder window breaks ?
 It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
 4 Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
 Who is alreadie sicke and pale with greefe,

That

14. *Abraham* : *Cupid*] [:]
om. Q4, 5, Ff.

16. *stirreth*] *striueth* Q3.

25. *mistresse*] *mistress's* F4.

29. *in*] *and in* Qq. Ff.
mistres] *mistress's* F4.

32. *humerous*] *humorous*
F4.

34. *Mar.*] *Mer.* Qq. Ff.

39. *open, or*] *open & catera,*
and Q4, 5. (*and catera*
Q5.)
Poprin] *Poperin* Q4, 5.

[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5, Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
 Be not her maide since she is enuious,
 Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
 And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.

8

She speakes, but she fayer nothing. What of that?
 Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.

12

I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
 Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
 Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
 To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.

16

What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
 The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
 As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
 Would through the airie region streame so bright,
 That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
 Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
 I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
 * That I might kisse that cheek.

24

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
 For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my
 (head,

28

As is a winged messenger of heauen
 Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
 Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
 And failes vpon the bosome of the aire.

32

Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
 Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
 Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
 And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

36

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemy.

Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,

Nor

That thou her maide art far more faire then she :

Be not her maide since she is enuious,

8 Her vestall liuery is but ficke and greene,

And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off :

It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,

She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that ?

12 Her eye discourfes, I will anfwere it :

I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes :

Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,

Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,

16 To twinckle in their sphares till they returne.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head,

The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,

As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,

20 Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,

That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night :

See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,

24 That I might touch that cheeke.

Iu. Ay me.

Ro. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art

28 As glorious to this night being ore my head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen

Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,

Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,

32 When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,

And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iuli. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?

Denie thy father and refuse thy name :

36 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,

And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this ?

Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enimie :

40 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,

Whats *Mountague* ? it is nor hand nor foote,

15. *to*] *do* Qq. Ff.

41. *nor hand*] *not hand* F4.

Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.

Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose, 44
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name, 48
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiste, 52
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeft stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee. 56
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.

* Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words 60
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the found:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore? 64
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death confidering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals, 68
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee. 72

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here.

Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee 76

Ro:

Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.

44 Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
48 Without that tytyle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word :

52 Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in
So stumblest on my counsell? (night

56 *Ro.* By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare faint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am :
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

60 *Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the found.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

64 *Iuli.* How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore ?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kismen find thee here.

68 *Ro.* With loues light wings did I orepearch these
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

72 *Iu.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Ro. Alack there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie.

76 *Iuli.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

44. *Whats]* *What's* Qq.
F3, 4. *What?* F1.
name] *names* F1. *name?*
Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
46. *wene]* *were* Qq. Ff.

48. *title, Romeo]* *tiile Ro-*
meo, F1, 2, 3. *title ; Ro-*
meo, F4. *tiile Romeo*
Q5.

54. *beschreend]* *bescreend*
Q3, 4. *bescreen'd* Ff. Q5.

61. *tongus]* *tongues* Qq. Ff.

64. *camest]* *cam'st* Ff. Q5.

67. *kismen]* *kinsmen* Qq.
Ff.

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:

For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

80

Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.

84

I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, wafht with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:

88

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

* What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.

Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,

92

And I will take thy word: but if thou swearest,

Thou maiest proue false:

At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles.

Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:

96

Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,

Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,

So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,

In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,

100

And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light:

But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,

Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.

I should haue bin strange I must confesse,

104

But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware

My true loues Pasion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yeelding to light loue,

Which the darke night hath so discovered.

108

Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,

That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.

Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant

That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe,

(Moone,

112

Leaft

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:

I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.

Iu. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.

Doesst thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.

They say Ioue laughs, oh gentle Romeo,

If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,

In truth faire Montague I am too fond:

And therefore thou maiest think my behavior light,

But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,

Then those that haue coying to be strange,

I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,

But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,

My truloue passion, therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yeelding to light loue,

Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with filuer all these fruite tree tops.

Iu. O swear not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,

82. *prompt*] *prompt* F2, 3, 4.

84. *Pylat*] *Pylos* or *Pilot* Qq. Ff.

85. *vast shore washeth*] (*washet* Q3. *washt* Q4. 5.) *vast-shore-washt* F1. *vast-shore: washd* F2. (*wash'd* F3.) *vast-shore, wash'd* F4.

87. *knowest*] *know'st* Q5.

91. *complement*] *Complements* F2, 3, 4.

92. *love me? I*] *Love? I* F1. *Love? O I* F2, 3. *Love? O, I* F4.

94. *maiest*] *mayest* F3. *may'st* F4. *maist* Q5. *false*] [.] Q3, F3. [.] F1, Q5. [.] Q4, F4. *periuries.*] [.] om. Qq. Ff.

95. *laughs*] *laught* F1.

97. *thinkest*] *think'st* Q5.

101. *maiest*] *mayest* F2, 4. *maist* F3, Q5.

behavior] *haviour* F2, 3, 4.

103. *coying*] *more coying* Q4, 5. *more coyning* F2, 3, 4.

106. *truloue*] *trueloue* Q3. *true loue* Q4. *true Loues* Ff. Q5.

109. *blessed*] om. Ff.

111. *inconstant*] *unconstant* F3, 4.

112. *circle*] *circled* Qq. Ff.

Leaft that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all,

Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,

Which art the God of my Idolatrie,

And Il'e belecue thee.

116

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in

120

I haue small ioy in this contract to night,

(thee,

It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduifde,

* Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee

124

Ere one can fay it lightens.

I heare some comming,

Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,

140

Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,

All this is but a dreame I heare and see,

144

Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-

If that thy bent of loue be honourable?

(deed.

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow

148

By

Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro. What shall I sweare by?

Iu. Do not sweare at all :

116 Or if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleue thee.

Ro. If my hearts deare loue.

120 *Iu.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee :

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduifd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
124 Ere one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight :
This bud of loue by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
128 Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithful vow for mine.

132 *Iu.* I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it :
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?

Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

136 And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite :

140 I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue :
Anon good nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true :
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard

144 Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,

148 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,

By

119. *loue.*] [-] F2, 3, 4.

120. *sweare,*] [-] om. F2,
3, 4.
thee : [-] Q5, F2, 3, 4.

124. *say,* [-] om. Q5.
lightens,] [-] Q5.
sweete] *Sweete* Ff. ([
F4.)

134. *it,*] [?] F3, 4.

[*Cals within.*] Ff. (*Calls* F4.)

[*Enter.*] F2, 3, 4.

By one that il'e procure to come to thee :
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

152

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

160

Iul: *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe :
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

164

Romeo?

Ro: It is my foule that calles vpon my name,
How filuer sweet found louers tongues in night.

168

Iul: *Romeo?*

Ro: Madame.

172

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I fend?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

176

*

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

180

Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,

Who

184

	By one that ile procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my fortunes at thy foote ile lay,		150. <i>right</i>] <i>rite</i> F3, 4. <i>rights</i> Q4. <i>rites</i> Q5. 152. <i>L.</i>] <i>Loue</i> Q4, 5. <i>Lord</i> Ff.
152	And follow thee my L. throughout the world. I come, anon : but if thou meanest not well, I do befeech thee (by and by I come) To ceafe thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,	Madam. Madam.	[Within : Madam] Ff. 153. <i>meanest</i>] <i>meanst</i> Q5. [Within : Madam.] Ff. 155. <i>strife</i>] <i>sute</i> Q4. <i>suit</i> Q5.
156	To morrow will I fend. Ro. So thrue my foule. Iu. A thousand times goodnight. Ro. A thousand times the worfe to want thy light,		[Exit.] Ff. 159. <i>light</i>] <i>sight</i> Q4, 5.
160	Loue goes toward loue as schooleboyes from their bookes, But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie lookes. <i>Enter Iuliet againe.</i> Iuli, Hift Romeo hift, & for a falkners voyce, To lure this Taffel gentle back againe,		161. <i>toward</i>] <i>towards</i> Ff.
164	Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud, Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies, And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then With repetition of my Romeo.		166, 7. <i>then With</i>] <i>then</i> <i>with The</i> F2, 3, 4. (<i>than</i> F4.) <i>then myne With</i> Q4. <i>than mine With</i> Q5.
168	Ro. It is my soule that calls vpon my name. How filuer sweete, found louers tongues by night, Like softest musicke to attending eares. Iu. Romeo.		167. <i>Romeo.</i>] [.] F2. 168. <i>soule</i>] <i>loue</i> Q4, 5.
172	Ro. My Neece. Iu. What a clocke to morrow Shall I fend to thee ? Ro. By the houre of nine.		172. <i>Neece</i>] <i>Deere</i> Q4, 5. <i>sweete</i> F2. <i>sweet</i> F3. <i>Sweet</i> F4.
176	Iu I will not faile, tis twentie yeare till then, I haue forget why I did call thee backe. Ro. Let me stand here till thou remember it. Iu. I shall forget to haue thee still stand there,		176. <i>yeare</i>] <i>yeares</i> Qq. Ff.
180	Remembring how I loue thy companie. Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this. Iu. Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,		179. <i>forget</i>] [.] Q3, 4. Ff.
184	And yet no farther then a wantons bird,	That	184. <i>farther</i>] <i>further</i> Ff.

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a pore prisoner in his twifted giues,
 And with a filke thred puls it backe againe,
 Too louing iealous of his libertie.

188

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Iul: Sweet so would I,
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
 Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,

192

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
 I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.

196

Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
 His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis. (night,

II. 3.

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
 Checking the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
 And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
 From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles:
 Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
 The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie,
 We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
 With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,

4

8

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
 In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

16

For

That lets it hop a litle from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a filken threed, plucks it backe againe,
188 So louing Iealous of his libertie.

Ro. I would I were thy bird.

Iu. Sweete so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:

192 Good night, good night.

Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Iu. Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

196 *Ro.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest

The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,

Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light

And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,

200 From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.

Hence will I to my ghostly Friers clofe cell,

His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

II. 3.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

(night,

Fri. The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:

And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,

4 From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:

Now ere the sun aduance his burning eie,

The day to cheere, and nights dancke dewe to drie,

I must vpfill this offer cage of ours,

8 With balefull weedes, and precious iuyced flowers,

The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,

What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:

And from her wombe children of diuers kinde,

12 We sucking on her naturall bosome finde:

Many for many, vertues excellent:

None but for some, and yet all different.

O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies

16 In Plants, hearbes, stones, and their true qualities:

For

187. *threed*] *thred* Qq. Ff.
backe] om. F2, 3, 4.

193, 4. *Parting . . . morrow*] Given to Rom. Q3, Ff.

195. *Sleep . . . breast*] Given to Rom. Q4, 5.
[Exit.] F2, 3, 4.

196. *Ro.*] om. Q4, 5.

197-200. *The . . . wheeles*] om. Q4, 5.

199. *fleckted*] *fleckeld* Q3.
flechel'd Ff.

201. *Friers*] *Fries* F1, 2.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

1-4. *The . . . wheeles*] om. F2, 3, 4.

2. *Checking*] *Checkring* Qq. Ff.

3. *fleckeld*] *fleckled* F1.

13. *many*] [,] om. Qq. Ff.

For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue :
 Nor nought so good, but straiend from that faire vse,
 Renolts to vice and stumbles on abuse :
 Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.

20

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
 Poyson hath residence, and medecine power :
 For this being sinelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
 Being tasted slaies all fences with the hart.
 Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
 In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

24

28

Rom. Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

Fri. *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
 (me?)

32

Yong sonne it argues a distempered head,
 So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
 Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie :
 But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braines
 Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines :
 Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
 Thou art vprowf'd by some distemperature.
 Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
 Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

36

40

Ro. The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

44

Fr. God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline* ?

Ro. With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?)

Fri. Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

48

Ro. I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,

I haue bin feasting with mineemie :

*

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee

Thats

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
 But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
 Nor ought so good but ffraind from that faire vie,
 20 Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Vertue it felfe turnes vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
 24 Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
 Being tasted, staies all fences with the hart.
 Two such opposed Kings encamp them still,
 28 In man as well as hearbes, grace and rude will:
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Ro. Goodmorrow father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweete saluteth me?
 Young sonne, it argues a distempered hed,
 So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed:
 36 Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
 And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
 But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine
 Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne.

40 Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
 Thou art vproufd with some distemperature:
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, waite thou with *Rosaline*?

Ro. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,
 I haue forgot that name, and that names wo.

48 *Fri.* Thats my good son, but wher hast thou bin the?

Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
 I haue bene feasting with mineemie,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me:

25. smelt with that part.]
 smelt, with that part
 Ff.

26. staies] slayes Qq. F1,
 2, 3, slays F4.

34. distempered] distem-
 per'd Q5, F4.

37. lodges] lodgeth F2, 3, 4.

41. distemperature] distem-
 perature F3, 4.

46. father no,] Father?
 No, Ff.

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleffed man : for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

52

Frier : Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

56

Rom : Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, faue what thou must combine
By holy marriage : where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I passe : But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

60

64

Fri : Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here ?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forfooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy fighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheek the staine doth fit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

68

72

76

80

Rom : Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fr : For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Rom : And badst me burie loue.

84

Fr : Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom : I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now

Doth

From this point to the
end of the play a
smaller type is used
in the original edi-
tion, and the running
title is changed from
'The most excellent
Tragedie, of Romeo
and Iuliet' to 'The
excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.'

*

52 Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
 Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
 I beare no hatred blessed man : for loe
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

56 *Fri.* Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
 Ridling confession, findes but ridling thrift.

Ro. Then plainly know, my harts deare loue is set
 On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
 60 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combind, saue what thou must combine
 By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
 We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
 64 Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here
 Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
 68 So soone forsaken ? young mens loue then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
 Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?
 72 How much salt water throwne away in waste,
 To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
 The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
 Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares :
 76 Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
 Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.

If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
 80 And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
 Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.

Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

84 *Ro.* And badst me burie loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in an other out to haue.

Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

52. wounded both,] wounded,
 ed, both Q3, 4. wounded:
 both Ff. wounded; both
 Q5.

56. and] rest Ff.

66. S.] Saint F4.

73. taste.] [?] F4.

75. ringing] ring Q4, 5,
 F2, 3, 4.
 mine] my Q3, 4, Ff.

80. chang'd,] [?] Qq. Ff.

86. in.] [,] Qq. Ff, 3, 4.

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not so.

88

Fr: Oh the knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy asisstant bee :
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue.

92

Exeunt.

II. 4.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not
home to night?

Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (*saline,*

4

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.

8

Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee
challenged.

12

Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
with a white wenchs blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

16

Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer: More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh
he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catfo, he
fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and
proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde
in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duel-
list a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
and

20

*

88 Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell :

92 But come young wauerer, come go with me,

In one respect ile thy affittant be :

For this alliance may so happie proue,

To turne your houtholds rancor to pure loue.

96 *Ro.* O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wisely and flow, they fumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

92. go] and goe Q4. 5.

95. houtholds] houshold
Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

II. 4.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not
home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

4 *Mer.* Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*,
Torments him so, that he will fure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his
fathers house.

8 *Mer.* A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben. Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, be-
12 ing dared.

Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a
white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue
song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde
16 bowe-boyes butt-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Ty-
balt*?

Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?

20 *Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious
captain of Complements: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps
time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two,
and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a filke but-
ton, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

6. kisman] kinsman Qq.
Ff.

13. dead, stabd] [,]om. Ff.

18. Ro.] Ben. Ff.

20. prick-song] Pricke-song
Q5. prick-songs F3. 4.
21. he rests, [,]om. Qq. Ff.
minum rests] minum Ff.

23. duelist] Duellist F4
(bis).

and fecond caufe, ah the immortall Paffado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of fuch limping antique affecting fantafticoes thefe new tuners of accents. By Iefu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graundfir is not this a miferable cafe that we fhould be fil afflicted with thefe ftrange flies: thefe fashionmongers, thefe pardonmees, that ftand fo much on the new forme, that they cannot fitte at eafe on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flefh flefh how art thou fifhified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet fhe had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypfie, *Hero* and *Hellen* bildings and harlettries: *Thifbie* a gray eye or fo, but not to the purpofe. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtefie to your French flop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yefternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The flip the flip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my bufines was great, and in fuch a cafe as mine, a man may fraine curtefie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to fay as fuch a cafe as yours wil conftaine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A moft curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtefie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well faid, follow me now that ieft till thou haft
* worne out thy Pumpe, that when the fingle sole of it is worn the ieft may remaine after the wearing folie finguler. *Rom:* O

first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamẽtable thing - graundfir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo,

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French flop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip fir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may fraine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, confrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to cursie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, foly singular. *Ro.* O

27. *phantacies*] *phantasies* Q5, F3, 4.

28. *accent*] *accents* Q5. by *Jesu*] *Jesu* Ff.

31. *pardons mees*] *pardon mees* Q3. *pardon-mee's* Ff. (*me's* F3, 4.) *pardona-mees* Q4, 5.

36. *Petrach*] *Petrarch* Qq. Ff.

40. *Bonieur*] *Bon ieur* Q3. *Bon iour* Ff. *Boniour* F2, 3. *Bonjour* Q5. *Bonjour* F4.

46. *good*] om. Ff.

50. *cursie*] *courtesie* F2, 3, 4.

52. *curtuous*] *curteous* Qq. Ff. *courteous* F2, 3, 4.

57. *wif*] [,] Qq. Ff. *ieast*] [,] om. F4.

59. *soly singular*] *sole-singular* Ff.

Rom: O fingle foald iest folie finguler for the finglenes.

60

Me: Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile..

Rom: Swits and spurres, fwits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chafe, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fue: Was I with you there for the goose?

64

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

68

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp iauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

72

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

76

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

80

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

84

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare. * *Enter Nurse and her man.*

88

Mer: A faile, a faile, a taile.

*

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

92

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer:

60 Ro O fingle folde ieaft, folie fingular for the finglenefle.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and fpurs, fwits and fpurres, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoofe chafe, I am done :
64 For thou haft more of the wildgoofe in one of thy wits, then I
am fure I haue in my whole fide. Was I with you there for the
goofe ?

Ro. Thou waft neuer with me for any thing, when thou waft
68 not there for the goofe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaft.

Rom. Nay good goofe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter fweeting, it is a moft fharp fawce.

72 Rom. And is it not then well feru'd in to a fweete goofe ?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that ftretches from an
ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I ftretch it out for that word broad, which added to the
76 goofe, proues thee farre and wide a broad goofe.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now
art thou fociable, now art thou *Romeo* : now art thou what thou
art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a
80 great naturall that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable
in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ftop there.

Mer. Thou defireft me to ftop in my tale againft the haire.

84 Ben. Thou wouldft elfe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it fhort, for I
was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to
occupie the argument no longer.

88 Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurfe and her man.*
A fayle, a fayle.

Mer. Two two, a fhert and a fmocke.

Nur. *Peter* :

92 *Peter*. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

E 3

Mer. God

60. *solie*] *Solely* F4.

61. *wits faints*] *wit faints*
F2, 3, 4. *wits faint* Q5.

67. *Thou wast*] *Thou was*
F2, 3, 4.

71. *bitter sweeting*] *Bitter-*
sweeting Ff.

72. *then*] om. Qq. Ff.
in to] *into* Ff.
sweete goose] *Sweet-goose*
F1, 2.

76. *wide*] [,] Qq. Ff.
a braui] *abroad* Ff.

77. *Why*] [?] Q4.

80. *bable*] *bauble* F4.

83. *desirest*] *desir'st* F1, 2,
3.

85. *for*] or F1, 2, 3.

[Enter etc] between lines
87 & 88 Ff.

90. *shert*] *shirt* Qq. Ff.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

96

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no leffe I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

100

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himfelfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himfelfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worfe.

104

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worft well? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.

108

Nu: If you be he fir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what haft found man?

112

Mer: No hare fir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:

116

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

120

Mer. Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio:

* *Nur:* Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himfelfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

124

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

128

She

96 *Mer.* God ye goodden faire gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no leffe I tell yee, for the bawdie hand of the dyal,
is now vpon the prick of noone.

100 *Nur.* Out vpon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is well said, for himfelfe to mar quoth a?
Gêlemê cā any of you tel me wher I may find the yong *Romeo*?

104 *Ro.* I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you
haue found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the
youngeft of that name, for fault of a worfe.

Nur. You fay well.

108 *Mer.* Yea is the worft wel, very wel took, ifaith, wifely, wifely.

Nur. If you be he fir, I defire fome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to fome fupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

112 *Ro.* What haft thou found?

Mer. No hare fir, vnleffe a hare fir in a lenten pie, that is some-
thing fale and hoare ere it be fpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meate in
lent.

116 But a hare that is hore, is too much for a fcore, when it hores ere
it be fpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee to dinner thither.

120 *Ro.* I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you fir, what fawcie merchant was this that was
fo full of his roperie?

124 *Ro.* A gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himfelfe talke,
and will fpeake more in a minute, then hee will ftand too in a
moneth.

128 *Nur.* And a fpeake any thing againft me, Ile take him downe,
and a were luftier then he is, and twentie fuch Iacks: and if I
cannot, ile finde thofe that fhall: fcuruie knaue, I am none
of his flurt gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muft
ftand

98. yee] you Qq. Ff.

102. well said] said F1, 2,
3. sad F4.

109. If you] If thou Q4, 5.

110. endite] enuile F2, in-
uite F3, 4.

[Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.]
Ff.

123. roperie] roguery F4.

125. too] to Qq. Ff.

130. flurt gills] flurt-gills
Ff. gil-flurts Q4, 5.
skaines mates] skains-
mates F4.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

132

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawn: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

136

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: scurvie Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

140

144

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

148

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

152

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning

To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:

And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,

160

My man shall come to thee, and bring along

The cordes, made like a tackled staire,

Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

164

Hold, take that for thy paines.

156

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur:

stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon shuld quickly haue bin out: I warrant you, I dare draw assoone as an other man, if I see occasion in a goodquarel, & the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruie knaue: pray you fir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaiour as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: and therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offred to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I wil tel her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a ioyfull woman.

Ro. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dooest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Ro. Bid her deuise some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell

Be shrieued and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Ro. Go too, I say you shall.

Nur. This afternoone fir, well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay good Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre,
Which to the high topgallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell be trustie, and ile quit thy paines:
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now

134. *out.*] [.] Q3, 4. Ff.
assoone] *as soon* F3, 4.

144. *offred*] *offered* Qq. Ff.

147. *thee.*] [—] F2, 3, 4.

151. *me*] [.] Q5.

153. *a*] om. Q4.

158. *too*] *to* F2, 3, 4.

160. *stay*] *stay thou* Ff.
Nurse] [.] F4.
wall,] [.] Q5.

162. *thee*] *the* F2, 3.
tackled] *tackling* Q5.

165. *quit*] *quite* Qq. Ff.

Nur : *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Jul : The clocke stroke nine when I did fend my Nurffe
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

II. 5.

4

Compare lines 67, 68, Act
V. Sc. 1 of Q², and cor-
responding lines of (Q¹).

Nur. Now God in heauen bleffe thee, harke you fir.

168 Ro. What faift thou my deare Nurfe?

Nur. Is your man fecret, did you nere here fay, two may keep counfell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as fteele.

172 Nur. Well fir, my Miftrefle is the sweeteft Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard : but fhe good foule had as leewe fee a tode, a very tode as fee him : I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I fay fo, fhe lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world, doth not *Rofemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

180 Ro. I Nurfe, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with fome other letter, and fhe hath the pretieft fententious of it, of you and *Rofemarie*, that it would do you good to heare it.

184 Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thoufand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

188 Nur. Before and apace.

Exit.

[Exit Nurse and Peter] Ff.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

2. *promised*] *promis'd* Q5.

II. 5. *Iu.* The clocke ftrooke nine when I did fend the Nurfe, In halfe an houre fhe promifed to returne,

Perchance fhe cannot meete him, thats not fo :

4 Oh fhe is lame, loues heraulds fould be thoughts, Which ten times fafter glides then the Suns beames, Druiuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.

Therefore do nimble piniond doues draw loue,

8 And therefore hath the wind fwift *Cupid* wings :

Now is the Sun vpon the highmoft hill,

Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,

Is there long houres, yet fhe is not come,

12 Had fhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She

4. *heraulds*] *Herauld* F1,
3. *Herauid* F2.
5. *glides*] *glide* F4.

8. *wind fwift*] Hyphened
Q3, 5, Ff.

11. *Is there*] *Is three* Qq.
I three Ff.

169. *here*] *heare* Ff.

170. *away.*] [?] Q5, F4.

171. *Warrant*] *I warrant*
F2, 3, 4.
mans] *man* Ff.

175. *see a*] *a see* F1.

181. *dog, name R.*] *dogs-*
name. R. Q3, F1. *dogges*
or *dogs name. R.* The
rest.
no,] [.] Q5.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
What sayes my Loue?

Oh wheres . . . aqua vitæ]
See Q2, Act III. Sc. 2,
l. 90.

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua
vitæ. 24

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Iul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates? 40

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
riage? 44

Nur:

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete loue.

16 *M.* And his to me, but old folks, many faine as they wer dead,
Vnwieldie, flowe, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, ô hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

20 *Iu.* Now good sweete Nurse, O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes be sad, yet tell them merily.
If good, thou shamest the musicke of sweete newes,
By playing it to me, with so fower a face.

24 *Nur.* I am a wearie, giue me leaue a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iauunce haue I?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

28 *Nur.* Iesu what haste, can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

32 The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doest excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
36 Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a fimple choyse, you know not
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be bet-
ter then any mans, yet his leg excels all mens, and for a hand
40 and a foote and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet
they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but ile
warrant him, as gentle as a lamme: go thy wayes wench, serue
God. What haue you dinde at home?

44 *Iu.* No, no. But all this did I know before.
What sayes he of our marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twentie peeces.

F

My

13. *She would*] *She'ld* F2,
3, 4.

15. *M.*] om. Q4, 5. Ff.
fain] *faine* Qq. Fr, 2.
Two lines, first ending
folks Ff.

20. *lookest*] *look'st* Q4, 5,
F4. *lookes* F2. *looks* F3.

22. *shamest*] *sham'st* Q4, 5,
Ff.

25. *iaunce*] *jaunt* Q4, 5,
Ff.
I ?] *I had ?* Qq. Ff.

27. *good good*] *good* F2, 3, 4.

28. *haste,*] *hast ?* Ff.

29. *that*] om. F2. *how* F3,
4.

39. *leg excels*] *legs excels*
Fr, 2, 3. *legs excell* F4.
40. *a body*] *body* Q4, 5. *a*
barwy F2, 3, 4.
41. *ile*] *ile* F2, 3, 4.
42. *as a*] *a* Ff.

44. *this*] *this this* Fr.

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

* *Iul*: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poulteffe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Confits the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom:

60

64

68

72

II. 6.

48 My back a tother fide, a my backe, my backe :
 Befhrew your heart for fending me about
 To catch my death with iaunfing vp and downe.

Iu. Ifaith I am forrie that thou art not well.

52 Sweete, fweete, fweete Nurfe, tell me what fayer my loue ?

Nur. Your loue fayer like an honeft gentleman,
 And a Courteous, and a kinde, and a handsome,
 And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother ?

56 *Iu.* Where is my mother, why she is within, wher fhuld she be ?
 How odly thou repliest :
 Your loue fayer like an honeft gentleman,
 Where is your mother ?

60 *Nur.* O Gods lady deare,
 Are you fo hot, marrie come vp I trow,
 Is this the poulitis for my aking bones :
 Henceforward do your meffages your felfe.

64 *Iu.* Heres fuch a coyle, come what faies *Romeo* ?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to thrift to day ?

Iu. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
 68 There fayer a husband to make you a wife :
 Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
 Theile be in fcarlet ftraight at any newes :
 Hie you to Church, I muft an other way,
 72 To fetch a Ladder by the which your loue
 Muft climbe a birds neaft foone when it is darke,
 I am the drudge, and toyle in your delight :
 But you fhall beare the burthen foone at night.
 76 Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Iuli. Hie to high fortune, honeft Nurfe farewell.

Exeunt.

II. 6. *Enter Frier and Romeo.*

Fri. So fmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
 That after houres, with forrow chide vs not.

Ro. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can,
 4 It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

48. a my] o my Fr. O my
 F2, 3, 4. ah my Q5.

50. iaunfing] iaunting Ff.
 Q4, 5.

51. not well] so well Fr.
 so ill F2, 3, 4.

56. Two lines, first ending
 mother ? Ff.
 57. repliest] replist Ff.

59. your] my F2, 3, 4.

61. hot,] [?] Ff.

62. bones:] [?] Ff.

67. high] hie Q5, F4.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And confumate those neuer parting bands,
Witness of our hearts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power,

Iul: *Romeo*.

* *Rom*: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloas'd in Nights myfts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.

Iul: I am (if I be Day)

Come to my Sunne: shine forth, and make me faire.

Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.

Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

16

36

Enter

That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
8 It is inough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder:
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
12 Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Iuliet.

16 Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A louer may bestride the gossamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
20 And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

24 *Ro.* Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre and let rich musicke tongue,
28 Vnfold the imagind happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament,
32 They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to such excessse,
I cannot sum vp sum of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
36 For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone, (worke,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

10. *triumph*] [:] *Fr.*

18. *gossamours*] *gossamour*
F4.

19. *ydeles*] *ydes* Q3, F1, 2.
idles Q4, 5, F3, 4.

23. *is*] *in* Q4, 5, F1, 2, 3.

27. *musicke*] *musicke* Qq.
Ff.

34. *sum of*] *some of* Q4, 5.
Ff.

[*Exeunt.*] F2, 3, 4.

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

III. 1.

Ben : I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer : Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

8

Ben : Am I like such a one?

Mer : Go too, thou art as hot a lacke being mooude,
and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
be mooud.

12

Ben : And what too?

Mer : Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue

none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
hafill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out

16

20

* such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a
Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and
with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

24

Ben : By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

32

Enter Tybalt.

Mer : By my heele I care not.

Tyb : Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer :

III. 1.

*Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.**Ben.* I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad :And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot
daies, is the mad blood stirring.*Mer.* Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters
the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table,
and sayes, God send me no need of thee : and by the operation
of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there
is no need.*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow ?*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a lacke in thy moode as
any in *Italie* : and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone
moodie to be moued.*Ben.* And what too ?*Mer.* Nay and there were two such, we should haue none
shortly, for one would kill the other : thou, why thou wilt
quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his
beard, then thou hast : thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking
Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hase eyes :
what eye, but such an eye would spie out such a quarrel ? thy head
is as full of quarells, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy
head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling : thou
hast quareld with a man for scoffing in the streete, because hee
hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet be-
fore Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde ri-
band, and yet thou wilt tute me from quarelling ?*Ben.* And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should
buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.*Mer.* The fee-simple, o simple.*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.**Ben.* By my head here comes the *Capulets*.*Mer.* By my heele I care not.*Tybalt.* Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.*Mer*

ACT III. SCENE I.

2. *Capels*] *Capulets* Q4, 5,
Ff.5. *these*] *those* F4.27. *from*] *for* Q5.30. *fee-simple*] [?] Ff.31. *comes*] *come* Q5, F2, 3,
4

Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou conforst with *Romeo*?

Mer: Confort. Zwounes confort? the flaue wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doe firra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-fticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that fence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can afford no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe:

Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission.

Alla stockado

36 Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with some-
thing, make it a word and a blowe.

Tyb. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you wil giue
me occasion.

40 Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without gi-
uing?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou confortest with Romeo.

Mer. Confort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? and thou
make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords: heeres
44 my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zounds con-
fort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:

48 Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,

Or reason coldly of your greouances:

Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

52 Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd fir if he weare your liuerie:

Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,

Your worship in that sence may call him man.

56 Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. Tybalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

60 To such a greeting: villaine am I none.

Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

64 Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,

But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,

And so good Capulet, which name I tender

68 As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

35. *us,*] [?] Qq. Ff.

37. *wil*] *shall* Q5.

41. *consortest*] *consort'st* Ff.
Romeo.] [.] F2.

44. *zounds*] *Come* Ff.

60. *villaine am I none*] (*I*
am Q5) om. F2, 3, 4.
61. *knowest*] *know'st* Q4, 5,
Ff.

64. *iniuried*] *iniured* Q3, 4.
injur'd Q5, Ff.
65. *loue*] *lou'd* Ff.
deuise:] [.] Q5. [.] F4.

68. *mine*] *my* Qq. Ff.

69. *calme,*] [.] om. Q4, 5.

Alla stockado caries
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldest with me?

* *Mer*: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your
nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your
scabard, leaft mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate
downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder *Romeos* arme thrusts *Mer-*
cutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your
houfes.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a
barne doore, but it will ferue I warrant. What meant you to
come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houfes, I am fairely drest. Sirra
goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he
hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to mor-
row you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houfes,
I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For
your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then
some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall
write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes
Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second
cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come fir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the
other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your
houfes.

Exeunt

Rom:

Alla stucatho carries it away,

Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

72 *Tib.* What wouldst thou haue with me?

72. *wouldst*] *woulds* Q3, 4
F1, 2, 3.

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues,
that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse mee
hereafter drie beate the rest of the eight. Will you plucke your
76 fword out of his pilcher by the eares? make hafte, leaft mine be
about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

80 *Mer.* Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for fhame forbear this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
84 Forbid this bandying in *Verona* streetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

84. *Forbid this*] *Forbid*
Q3, 4, 5. *Forbidden* Ff.
Verona] *Verona's* Q5.

Away Tybalt.

[Exit Tybalt] Ff.

Mer. I am hurt.

88 A plague a both houses, I am sped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.

87. *a both*] *a both the* F1.
of both the F2, 3, 4.
88. *nothing.*] [?] Qq. Ff.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

92 *Ro.* Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church
doore, but tis inough, twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you
shall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this
96 world, a plague a both your houses, sounds a dog, a rat, a mouse,
a cat, to scratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine,
that fights by the book of arithmatick, why the deule came you
betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

95. *peppered*] *pepper'd* Ff.

96. *a both*] *of both* F2, 3, 4.
sounds] *'sounds* Q5.
What Ff.

98. *deule*] *deu'le* Q3, 4,
F1, 2. *deu'll* Q5. *deu'l*
F3. *Diu'l* F4.

100 *Ro.* I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
 My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
 In my behalfe, my reputation staine
 With *Tibalts* flaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
 Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet*
 * Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
 And in my temper softens valors steele.

108

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
 That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
 Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

112

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
 This but begins what other dayes must end.

116

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* flaine?
 Away to heauen respectiue lenity:
 And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
 Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
 Which late thou gau'it me: for *Mercutio*s foule,
 Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
 And staies for thine to beare him company.
 Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

120

124

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt*'s flaine,
 The Citizens approach, away, begone

Thou wilt be taken.

132

Rom:

Or I fhall faint, a plague a both your houfes,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
104 I haue it, and foundly, to your houfes.

Exit.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation faind
108 With *Tybalts* flaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O sweete *Juliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valours fteele.

Enter Benuolio.

112 *Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant fpirit hath aspir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did fcorne the earth.

Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depēd,
116 This but begins, the wo others muft end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* flaine,
Away to heauen, refpectiue lenitie,
120 And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gaueft me, for *Mercutios* foule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,

124 Staying for thine to keepe him companie :
Either thou or I, or both, muft go with him.

Ty. Thou wretched boy that didft cōfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

128 Ro. This fhall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone :
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* flaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee death,
132 If thou art taken, hence be gone away.

Ro. O

102. a both] o' both F4.

104. soundly,] [.] om. Qq.
Ff.
to] too F2. too, F3, 4.
houses.] [—] Q4, 5.

106. got this] gott his Q3.
got his Q4, 5, Ff.

112. *Mercutio is*] *Mercutio's is* Fr. *Mercutio's*
Q5, F2, 3, 4.

115. mo] moe Q4. more
Q5, F4.

doth] doe F2. do F3.
does F4.

[Enter *Tybalt*] Ff.

116. begins,] [.] om. Q5,
F4.

118. gan] gon Q3, 4, F1, 2.
gone Q5, F3, 4.
slaine,] [?] Ff.

120. fier end] fier and Q3.
fire and Q4, 5, F1, 2.
fire, and F3, 4.

122. gauest] gau'st Ff. Q5.

131. amazed] amas'd Ff.
Q5.

Rom : Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt

Enter Citixens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine? 136

Ben : There is that *Tybalt*.

[*Watch* : *Vp*] catchword
in the original.

[*Watch* : *Vp*]

*

Vp firra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry : Where be the vile beginners of this fray? 140

Ben : Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vn lucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*, 144

M : *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie fight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true :
For blood of ours, fhed bloud of *Mountagew*. 148

Pry : Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?

Ben : *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke 152
How nice the quarrell was.

But *Tibalt* still persifiting in his wrong,

The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,

Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife, 164

And

Ro. O I am fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citti. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

136 *Tybalt* that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp fir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet,
their wiues and all.*

140 *Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all:

The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,

There lies the man flaine by young *Romeo*,

144 That flew thy kisman, braue *Mercutio*.

Capu. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,

O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O the bloud is spild

Of my deare kisman, Prince as thou art true,

148 For bloud of ours, fhead bloud of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudie fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeos* hand did slay,

152 *Romeo* that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the quarell was, and vrgd withall

Your high displeasure all this vttered,

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed

156 Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene

Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steele at bold *Mercutios* breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly poynt to poynt,

160 And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It backe to *Tybalt*, whose dexteritie

Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,

164 Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His

140. vile] vild F2, 3.

141. all:] [:] om. Ff. Q5.

144. kisman] kinsman Qq.
Ff.

147. kisman] kinsman Qq.
Ff.

150. blouzie] om. Ff.

152. bid] bad Q5.

154. vttered] uttered Qq.
Ff.

155. bowed] bow'd Ff.

157. Tybalt] Tybalts F1.

And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
 As fast as tung cryde peace, fought peace to make.
 While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
 Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
 The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
 That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
 With that he fled, but presently return'd,
 And with his rapier braued *Romeo* :
 That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
 And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
 To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
 And this way *Romeo* fled.

168

172

Mo : He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
 Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife :
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.

176

* I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo flew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

180

Prin : And for that offence
 Immediately we doo exile him hence.
 I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
 My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
 But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.

188

192

Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :

Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul : Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes

III. 2

To

His aged arme beates downe their fatall poynts,
 And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
 An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
 168 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,
 But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertaind reuenge,
 And toote they go like lightning, for ere I
 172 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine :
 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
 This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Ca. Wi. He is a kisman to the *Mountague*,
 176 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
 Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
 And all those twentie could but kill one life.
 I beg for Iustice which thou Prince must giue :
 180 *Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
 Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.

Capu. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
 184 His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 188 I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding :
 My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.

But ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 192 It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.

Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
 Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
 196 Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
 Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

165. *aged*] *agill* Q4, 5.
able F2, 3, 4.

171. *toote*] *too't* Q4, 5.
 F1, 2. *to't* F3, 4.

175. *kisman*] *kinsman* Qq.
 Ff.
Mountague] *Mountagues*
 Q5.

182. *owe.*] [?] Q3.

183. *Capu.*] *Cap.* Q3, Ff.
Moun. Q4. *Mou.* Q5.

192. *It will*] *I will* Q4, 5.
 F2, 3, 4.
 193. *out*] *our* Ff.

195. *his*] *the* Q5.

[*Exeunt.*] Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

III. 2.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Gallop apace, you fierie footed steeds,

G

Towards

To *Phœbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And fend in cloudie night immediately.

4

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nur:

Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner
 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
 4 And bring in clowdie night immediately.
 Spread thy clofe curtaine loue-performing night,
 That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
 Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
 8 Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
 And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
 It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
 Thou sober futed matron all in blacke,
 12 And learne me how to loofe a winning match,
 Plaide for a paire of stainelesse maydenhoods.
 Hood my vnmaund bloud bayting in my cheekes,
 With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
 16 Thinke true loue acted simple modestie :
 Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
 Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe :
 20 Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
 Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little starres,
 And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
 24 That all the world will be in loue with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
 O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
 But not possesse it, and though I am sold,
 28 Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festiuall,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

32 And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speaks
 But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence :
 Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
 The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

3. *Phaeton*] *Phaeton* Q^o.
Ff.

6. *runnawayes*] *run-awayes*
Q^o, 5. Ff. *run-awayes*
F², 3. *run-awayes* F⁴.

9. *And by*] *By* Q^o, 5.
F², 3, 4.

19. *new snow upon*] *new*
snow on F², 3, 4. *snow*
upon Q^o, 5.

21. *I*] *he* Q^o, 5.

24. *will*] *shall* Q^o.

34. *there,*] [?] Ff.

Nur. I,

Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone. 36

Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus? 45

Nurf: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead. 40

Iul: This torture should be roard in difmall hell.
Can heauens be fo enuious? 46

Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

I faw the wound, I faw it with mine eyes.
God faue the fample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarfe, a piteous bloodie coarfe,
All pale as ashes, I fwounded at the fight. 56

Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what difafter hap
Hath feuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why should Heauen fo much confpire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So foone to funder vs by timeleffe Death?

Nur: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beft frend I had,
O honeft *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman. 64

Iul: What fforme is this that blowes fo contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude coufen, and my deareft Lord. 68
Then let the trumpet found a generall doome
Thefe two being dead, then liuing is there none.

Nur.

36 Nur. I, I, the cords.

Iu. Ay me what news? why dost thou wring thy hāds?

Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

40 Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.

Iu. Can heauen be fo enuious?

Nur. Romeo can,
Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
44 Who euer would haue thought it Romeo?

Iu. What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be rored in difmall hell,
Hath Romeo flaine himfelfe? say thou but I,

48 And that bare vowell I shall poyson more

Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

52 If he be flaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, founds, determine my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God faue the marke, here on his manly breft,

56 A piteous coarfe, a bloudie piteous coarfe,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,

All in goare bloud, I founded at the sight.

Iu. O break my hart, poore banckrout break at once,

60 To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth too earth refigne, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo preffe on heaueie beare.

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,

64 O curteous Tybalt, honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Iu. What storme is this that blowes fo contrarie?

Is Romeo flaughtred? and is Tybalt dead?

68 My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,

Then dreadfull Trumpet found the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

G 2

Nur. Tybalt

38. *weraday*] *weladay* Qq.
F3, 4. *welady* Fr. 2.
hees dead] Twice only Ff.

46. *rored*] *roar'd* Ff.

49. *death arting*] *death-*
darting Qq. Ff.

50. *an I.*] [,] Q5.

51. *thee*] *the* F2, 3, 4.

53. *Briefe, sounds,*] [, ,]
om. Q5, F4.
my] *of my* Ff. Q5.

57. *bedawbde*] *bedawde*
Q4. *bedeaw'd* Q5.

58. *sounded*] *swouned* Q5.
swouned F4.

59. *banckrout*] *bankrupt*
Q5, F4.

61. *too*] *to* Qq. Ff.

62. *on*] *one* Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.
beare] *beere* Q4, 5, F1, 2.
beer F3, 4.

Nur : *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that murthered him is banished.

72

Iul : Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?

Nur : It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

Iul : O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face :

O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
 So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo* ?

Nur : There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men :
 All false, all faithles, periurde, all forfworne.

88

Shame come to *Romeo*.

92

Iul : A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame :

Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to fit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
 That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.

104

All

Nur. Tybalt is gone and *Romeo* banished,

72 *Romeo* that kild him he is banished.

Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand shead *Tibalts* bloud?

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.

76 *Iu.* Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Caue?

Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:

Rauenous douefetherd rauē, woluish rauening lamb,

Despised substance of diuineſt ſhowe:

80 Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,

A dimme ſaint, an honourable villaine:

O nature what hadſt thou to do in hell

When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,

84 In mortall paradife of ſuch ſweete fleſh?

Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter

So fairely bound? ô that deceit ſhould dwell

In ſuch a gorgious Pallace.

88 *Nur.* Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,

All periurde, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,

Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ:

Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old,

92 Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iu. Blifterd be thy tongue

For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:

Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to fit:

96 For tis a throane where honour may be crownd

Sole Monarch of the vniuerſal earth.

O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?

Nur. Wil you ſpeak wel of him that kild your cozin?

100 *Iu.* Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poor my lord, what tongue ſhal ſmooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?

But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill my Cozin?

104 That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:

Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natie ſpring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which

73. *Iuli.* O God] Separate line Ff.

did] *Nur.* *Did* F2, 3.

74. *It did*] *Nur.* *It did* Q5, F4.

75. *Nur.*] *Iul.* F2, 3, 4, Q5.

76. *Iu.*] om. F2, 3, 4, Q5.

78. Two lines Ff., the first ending *rauen*.

douefetherd] *Doue-fea-*

ther d F1. *doue, featherd*

Q4, 5. *Doue, feather d*

F2, 3, 4.

81. *dimme*] *dimne* F1.

damned Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

83. *bower*] *power* Q4.

pour Q5.

93. *Blisterd*] *Blistered* Qq.

98. *at him*] *him* F1. *him* so F2, 3, 4.

All this is comfort. But there yet remains

Worse than his death, which faine I would forget :
But ah, it preffeth to my memorie,

112

Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished

116

Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
All killd, all flaine, all dead, all banished.

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur : Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarfe.

* Will you goe to them?

132

Iul : I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he fhed for *Romeos* banishment.

Nur :

108 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
 My husband liues that *Tybalts* would haue slaine,
 And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slain my husband :
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then ?
 Some word there was, worfer then *Tybalts* death
 112 That mured me, I would forget it faine,
 But oh it preffes to my memorie,
 Like damned guiltie deeds to finners mindes,
Tybalts is dead and *Romeo* banished :
 116 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts* : *Tybalts* death
 Was woe inough if it had ended there :
 Or if fower woe delights in fellowship,
 120 And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
 Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
 Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
 Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
 124 But with a reareward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished : to speake that word,
 Is father, mother, *Tybalts*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
 All slaine, all dead : *Romeo* is banished,
 128 There is no end, no limit, meafure bound,
 In that words death, no words can that woe found.
 Where is my father and my mother Nurse ?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* course,
 132 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares ? mine shall be
 When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (ifpent,
 Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
 136 Both you and I for *Romeo* is exile :
 He made you for a highway to my bed,
 But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
 Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
 140 And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is :

109. *Tybalts*] *Tibalt* Ff.
slain] *kill'd* F2. *kill'd*
 F3, 4.

111. *word there was*] *words*
there was Q3, 4, F1.
words there were Q5.

112. *mured*] *murdered*
 Q4, F1, 3, 4.

121. *followed*] *fellow'd* Q5.

123. *moued*] *mou'd* Ff. Q5.

124. *reareward*] *rere-ward*
 Ff. *rere-ward* Q5.

128. *measure*] [,] Qq. Ff.

131. *course*] *coarse* Ff. Q5.
corse Q4.

133. *teares* ?] [,] Q3, 4, Ff.
 [,] Q5.

136. *I*] [,] Q5, F3, 4

137. *a*] *an* F4.

139. *cordes*] *cord* Qq. Ff.

Nur : Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
He to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

144

Iul : Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laft farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier.

III. 3

Fr : *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamoured on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom : Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.

4

Fr : Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such fowre companie :
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

8

Rom : VVhat leffe than doomes day is the Princes doome ?

Fr : A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

12

Rom : Ha, Banished ? be mercifull, say death :
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr : Hence from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

16

Rom : There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world :
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,

20

Thou cutt my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

24

Fr : Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes :
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rusht aside the law,
* And turnd that blacke word death to banishment :

28

This

Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laft farewell.

Exit.

III. 3.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts :
And thou art wedded to calamitie.

4 *Ro.* Father what newes ? what is the Princes doome ?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

5. acquaintance] admit-
tance F4.

Fri. Too familiar
8 Is my deare sonne with such fowre companie ?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome ?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
12 Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

11. gentler] gentle F4.

Rom. Ha, banishment ? be mercifull, say death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.

16 *Fri.* Here from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe :

20 Hence banished, is blansht from the world.

20. blansht] banisht Qq.
Ff.

And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

24

24. smilest] smil'st Q5,
F3. 4.

Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
28 And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This

This is meere mercie, and thou see'st it not.

Rom: 'Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;

32

36

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

44

48

52

Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.

Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

56

Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

60

Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no
eyes.

64

Fr:

This is deare mercie, and thou seeft it not.

Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,

32 And litle moute, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues

36 In carrion flies, then *Romeo* : they may feaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,

And steale immortall bleffing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vefall modestie

40 Still blufh, as thinking their owne kifles fin.
This may flyes do, when I from this muft flie,

And fayeft thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banifhed.

44 Flies may do this, but I from this muft flie :

They are freemen, but I am banifhed.

Hadft thou no poyfon mixt, no fharp ground knife,

No fudden meane of death, though nere fo meane,

48 But banifhed to kill me : Banifhed ?

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell :

Howling attends it, how haft thou the heart

Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confeffor,

52 A fin obfoluer, and my friend profest,

To mangle me with that word banifhed ?

Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little fpeake.

Ro. O thou wilt fpeake againe of banifhment.

56 *Fri.* Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,

Aduerfities sweete milke, Philofophie,

To comfort thee though thou art banifhed.

Ro. Yet banifhed ? hang vp philofophie,

60 Vnleffe Philofophie can make a *Iuliet*,

Displant a towne, reuerfe a Princes doome,

It helpes not, it preuailles not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I fee, that mad man haue no eares.

64 *Ro.* How fhould they when that wife men haue no eyes.

Fri. Let

36. *seaze*] *seize* F3, 4.

38. *bleffing*] *blessings* F4.

42. *sayest*] *saist* Qq. Ff.

44. 45. om. Ff.

50. *Howlingattends*] *Howlings attends* F1. *Howlings attend* F2, 3, 4.

52. *sin obfoluer*] *Sin-Abfoluer* Ff.

54. *Then*] *Thou* Q4, 5. om. F2, 3, 4. *a little*] om. Ff.

63. *man*] *men* Qq. Ff.

64. *that*] om. Qq. Ff.

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom: Thou canst not speake of what thou dost not feele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,

An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered.

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,

I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?

Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fr: Then come neare.

Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,

Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made
drunke.

Nur: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.

Iust in her case. Oh wofull simpathy,

Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,

Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping.

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.

For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,

Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.

Nur:

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate:

Ro. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feele,

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,

68 An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,

Then mightst thou teare thy hayre,

72 And fall vpon the ground as I do now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knocke.

Fri. Arise one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Ro. Not I, vnlesse the breath of harticke grones,

76 Myft-like infold me from the search of eyes.

They knocke.

Fri. Hark how they knock (whose there) *Romeo* arise,

Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp.

Slud knocke.

Run to my studie by and by, Gods will

80 What simpleness is this? I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? whats your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in, and you shal know my errant:

I come from Lady *Iuliet*.

84 *Fri.* Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,

88 With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my mistresse case,

Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:

Pitious prediccament, euen so lies she,

92 Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,

For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deepe an O?

96 *Rom.* Nurse.

Nur. Ah

67. as I, *Iuliet* thy] as
Iuliet my Ff.

70. mightest] mightst Q5,
F3, 4.

[Enter . . . knocks]
Q3, Ff. [Nurse knocks.]
Q4, 5.

75. harticke] heart-sicke
Q4, 5, F4.

[Knocke.] Q4, 5, Ff.

77. whose] who's Q4, 5, Ff.

78. (stay a while) Q4, 5.

[Knocke againe.] Q4, 5.
[Knocke.] Ff.

79. (by and by) Q4, 5.

82. errant] errand Q4, 5,
Ff.

Nur: Ah fir, ah fir. Wel death's the end of all.

Rom: Spakest thou of *Juliet*, how is it with her?

Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,

Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,

With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?

Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur: Oh she faith nothing, but weepes and pules,

And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,

And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun

Did murder her, as that names curf'd hand

Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer

In what vile part of this Anatomy

Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke

The hatefull mansion?

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.*

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme

Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote

The vnreasonable furies of a beast.

Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,

Or ill befeeming beast in seeming both.

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temperd,

Haft thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all.

Ro. Spakest thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she thinke me an old murtherer,

100 Now I haue staine the childhood of our ioy,

With blood remoued, but little from her owne?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes

My conceald Lady to our cancelld loue?

104 Nur. Oh she fayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,

And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,

And then downe falls againe.

108 Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly leuell of a gun,

Did murther her, as that names curf'd hand

Murderd her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,

In what vile part of this Anatomie

112 Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may facke

The hatefull mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:

116 Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts deuote

The vnreasonable furie of a beast.

Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,

And ilbeseeming beast in seeming both,

120 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temperd.

Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou fley thy selfe?

And fley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,

124 By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?

Why raylest thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst loose.

128 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,

Which like a Viceroy aboundeth in all:

And wast none in that true vice indeed,

Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:

132 Thy Noble shape is but a forme of waxe,

97. deaths] death is Q5.

98. Spakest] Speake'st Ff.

Spake'st Q5.

is it] ist Q5. is't F4.

99. not she] she not Q5.

100. childhood] child-head

Q5.

101. remoued] remov'd Q5.

103. cancelld] conceal'd Ff.

116. deuote] denote Q4, 5,

Ff. doe note F2. do

note F3, 4.

123. lies] lives F4.

125. raylest] rayl'st Ff.

Q5.

127. loose] lose Q5, F3, 4.

128. shamest] sham'st Q5,

Ff.

129. a] an Q5, F4.

Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
 For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.

144

A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
 Happines Courts thee in his best array :
 But like a misbehaude and fullen wench
 Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.
 Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
 Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed :
 Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set :
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.

148

152

Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
 Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
 Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur : Good Lord what a thing learning is.
 I could haue stayde heere all this night
 To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
 Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

Rom : Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
 Farwell good Nurse.

168

Nurse

Digreffing from the valour of a man,
 Thy deare loue sworne but hollow periurie,
 Killing that loue which thou haft vowd to cherish,
 136 Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
 Mifhapen in the conduēt of them both :
 Like powder in a skilleffe fouldiers flaske,
 Is fet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
 140 And thou difmembred with thine owne defence.
 What rowfe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
 For whose deare fake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 144 But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
 The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
 And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
 A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
 148 Happines courts thee in her best array,
 But like a mishaued and fullen wench,
 Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue :
 Take heede, take heede, for such die miserable.
 152 Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
 156 Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
 With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy
 160 Then thou wentst forth in lamentation.
 Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto,
 164 *Romeo* is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all the night,
 To heare good counsell, oh what learning is :
 My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.
 168 *Ro.* Do so, and bid my sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

139. a fier] on fire Q5.

144. slewest] slew'st Ff.
 happie] happy too F2, 3, 4.
 145. becomes] became Ff.
 146. turnes] turne Q3.
 turn'd Ff.
 147. light] lights Q4.

149. mishaued] misde-
 hau'd Q4, 5.
 150. puts vp] points vpon
 Q4. pointst vpon Q5.
 putttest vp Ff.

158. the] thy Q3, Ff.

165. the] om. Ff.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur : Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom : How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr : Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time :

Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.

Farwell.

Rom : But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,

It were a grieve so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with
County Paris.*

Cap : Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluckily,

That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,

And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,

Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber ?

I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par : These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,

Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.*

Cap : Sir *Paris* ? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.

I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee :

But soft what day is this ?

Par : Munday my Lord.

Cap : Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be : you shall be married.

Wee'le

176

180

III. 4

8

12

20

Nur. Here fir, a Ring she bid me giue you fir:
Hie you, make haft, for it growes very late.

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

172 Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here stands al your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguise from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
176 And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces here :
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
180 It were a grieffe, so briefe to part with thee :
Farewell.

Exeunt.

III. 4. Enter old Capulet, his wife and Paris.

Ca. Things haue falne out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our daughter,
Looke you, she lou'd her kinfman *Tybalt* dearely
4 And so did I. Well we were borne to die.
Tis very late, sheele not come downe to night :
I promise you, but for your companie,
I would haue bene a bed an houre ago.

8 Paris. These times of wo afford no times to wooe :
Madam goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night shees mew'd vp to her heauines.

12 Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childe's loue : I thinke she will me rulde
In all respects by me : nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed,
16 Acquaint her here, of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me ? on wendfday next.
But soft, what day is this ?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

20 Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wendfday is too soone,
A thurfday let it be, a thurfday tell her

169. *bid*] *bids* Q4. 5.

174. *disguise*] *disguis'd*
Qq. Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

11. *shees*] *she is* Qq. Ff.

13. *me*] *be* Qq. Ff.

16. *here, of*] *hereof*, Q3.
here of Q4, F3, 4. *here*
with Q5.

17. *next.*] [] Qq. Ff.

Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
 For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being flaine so lately,
 It will be thought we held him careleslye:
 If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
 Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
 But what fay you to Thurfday.

24

28

Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thurfday were to mor-
 row.

Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to
 bed.

32

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
 Fare well my Lord till Thurfday next.
 Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
 Afore me it is so very very late,
 That we may call it earely by and by.

*Exeunt.**Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.*

III. 5.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
 It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
 That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
 Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
 Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

4

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
 And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
 Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
 Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
 Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
 I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

8

Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
 It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
 To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
 Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

12

16

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
 If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
 Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,

It

She shall be married to this noble Earle :
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?

24 Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much :

28 Therefore wee le haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday ?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursfday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then :

32 Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
36 Goodnight.

Exeunt.

III. 5. *Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet neare day :
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
4 Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
8 Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East :
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

12 *Iu.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it I :
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

16 Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the mornings eye,

24. *Well, keepe]* *Weele*
keepe Q³, 4. *Fr.*, 2.
(*Wee'll* Q⁵. *Wee'l* F³,
4.)

28. *doozen]* *dozen* Qq. *Ff.*

35. *very]* om. *Ff.*

ACT III. SCENE 5.

1. *It . . . day]* om. *F2*, 3,
4.

9. *iocand]* *iocond* Q³, 4,
Fr., 2. *jocund* Q⁵, F³.
jocund F⁴.

10. *tipto]* *tip-toe* Q⁴, 5.
tiptoe F⁴.
Mountaine] *Mountaines*
Qq. *Fr.*

13. *exhale]* *exhales* Q³, 4,
Ff.

16. *yet,]* [,] om. *F4*.
needst not to be] *needest*
not be Q⁵.

19. *the the]* *the* Qq. *Ff.*

It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
 Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
 The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
 And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
 What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

20

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.

24

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
 This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.

28

Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 I would that now they had changd voyces too:
 Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
 Hunting thee hence with Huntswp to the day.
 So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

32

Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our
 woes.

36

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Friend?
 I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
 For in an hower there are manie minutes,
 Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
 Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
 Ere I see thee againe.

44

48

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
 That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

52

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
 For sweete discourfes in the time to come.

Jul:

20 Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
 Nor that is not the Larke whose noates do beate
 The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
 I haue more care to stay then will to go:
 24 Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it so.
 How ift my foule? lets talke it is not day.
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
 It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
 28 Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
 Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
 This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
 Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
 32 O now I would they had changd voyces too:
 Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
 Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day.
 O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
 36 *Romeo.* More light and light, more darke and darke our
 woes.

Enter Madame and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

40 *Nur.* Your Lady Mother is cūming to your chāber,
 The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Iuli. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

44 *Iu.* Art thou gone so loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
 I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
 For in a minute there are many dayes,
 O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
 48 Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no opportunitie,
 That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.

52 *Iu.* O thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
 For sweete discourfes in our times to come.

22. *heauen*] *heavens* F3, 4.

25. *talke*] [,] Q4, 5, Ff.

44. *so*] [,] Q3. [?] Ff.
ay] *ah* F2, 3, 4.

52. *thinkst*] *thinkest* Q3, 4,
 Ff.

54. *times*] *time* Qq. Ff.

Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining foule.
 Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
 Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
 Either mine ey-fight failes, or thou lookst pale.

56

Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
 Drie sorrow drinks our blood: adieu, adieu.

Exit. 60

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
 Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all fure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?

Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet*?

Iul: How now, who calls?

Nur: It is your Mother.

Moth: Why how now *Juliet*?

Iul: Madam, I am not well.

Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cofens death:
 I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

72

Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul: What Villaine Madame?

Moth: That Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a funder.

84

Moth:

56 Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining foule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so do you :
60 Drie sorrow drinckes our blood. Adue, adue.

Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune :
64 For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?

Iu. Who ist that calls? It is my Lady mother.
68 Is she not downe so late or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Why how now Iuliet?

Iu. Madam I am not well.

72 La. Euermore weeping for your Cozens death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue :
Therefore haue done, some griefe shews much of loue,
76 But much of greefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.

80 Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.

La. Wel gyrl, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughterd him.

84 Iu. What villaine Madam?

La. That same villaine Romeo.

Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder :
God padon, I do with all my heart :
88 And yet no man like he, doth greeue my heart.

La. That

55. Ro.] Jul. Q4, 5, Ff.

56. *thee now,*] [?] om. Q5.

58. *lookest*] *look'st* Ff. Q5.

63. *renowmd*] *renowm'd*
Q4. *renown'd* Q5, Ff.

67. *It is*] *Is it* Ff.
mother.] [?] F2, 3, 4.

73. *What*] [?] Q5.

83. *slaughterd*] *slaughtered*
Qq.

86. *a sunder*] *assunder*
Ff, 2, 3. *asunder*. Q5,
F4.

87. *padon*] *pardon* Q3, Ff.
pardon him Q4, 5, F2,
3, 4.

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I foone would fend to *Mantua* where he is,

That should bestow on him so fure a draught,
As he should foone beare *Tybalt* companie.

96

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext?

108

100

(newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you?

116

Moth: Marry my Childe,

* The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must provide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

120

Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.

Are

La. That is becaufe the Traytor murderer liues.

Iu. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands :
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.

92 *La.* We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile fend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that fame bannifht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him fuch an vnaccustomd dram,
96 That he fhall foone keepe *Tybalt* companie :
And then I hope thou wilt be fatisfied.

Iu. Indeed I neuer fhall be fatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
100 Is my poore heart fo for a kinfman vext :
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyfon, I would temper it :
That *Romeo* fhould vpon receipt thereof,
104 Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozen,
Vpon his body that hath slaughterd him.
108 *Mo.* Find thou the means, and Ile find fuch a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iu. And ioy comes well in fuch a needie time,
What are they, befeech your Ladyfhip ?

112 *M.* Well, well, thou haft a carefull father child,
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath forted out a fudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.

116 *Iu.* Madam in happie time, what day is that ?

M. Marrie my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
120 Shall happily make thee there a ioyfull Bride.

Iu. Now by S. *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He fhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hafte, that I muft wed
124 Ere he that fhould be husband comes to wooe :

I pray

89. murderer] om. Qq. Ff.

106. Cozen,] Cozin, Tyball
F2, 3, 4.
107. slaughterd] slaugh-
tered Q3, 4.

111. beseech; I beseech Q4, 5,
F2, 3, 4.

116. that] this Ff.

120. happily] happily Q3, 4.
there] om. Ff.
121. S.] Saint Qq. Ff.

124. should] must Q5.

Are theſe the newes you had to tell me of?
 Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
 yet.

And when I doo, it ſhalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
 Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

128

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him ſo.

Capo: Why how now, euermore ſhowring?
 In one little bodie thou reſembleſt a ſea, a barke, a ſtorme:

For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
 Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
 And toft with fighes ariſing from thy hart:
 Will without ſuccour ſhipwracke preſently.
 But heare you Wife, what haue you founded her, what ſaies
 ſhe to it?

140

Moth: I haue, but ſhe will none ſhe thankeſ ye:
 VVould God that ſhe were married to her graue.

144

Capo: What will ſhe not, doth ſhe not thanke vs, doth
 ſhe not wexe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
 Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
 But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

152

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
 And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
 Proud me no proude, nor thanke me no thankeſ,
 But fettle your fine ioyns on Thursday next
 To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

156

Out

I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
128 Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.

M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisse deaw,
132 But for the Sunset of my brothers soune,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Euermore shewing in one litle body?
Thou countefaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
136 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
140 Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

La. I fir, but she will none, she giue you thanks,
144 I would the foole were married to her graue.

Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
148 Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?

Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,

152 But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.

Ca. How, how, howhow, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
156 Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouids,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

131. *earth*] *ayre* Q4. *aire* Q5.

133. *It . . . downright*] separate line Ff.

now] [?] Ff.

tears] [.] Q4. [?] Ff.

134. *showring*] [.] Q4. [?] Q5.

body] [?] om. Q5.

135. *Thou countefaits. A*] (*—terfaits. A* Q3. *—terfaits, a* Q4. *—terfeit st a* Q5. *—terfaits a* F1. *—terfaits a* F2.) *Thy counterfeits a* F3. (*—terfeit's a* F4.)

137. *is:] is* F1. om. F2, 3, 4.

139. *thy*] *the* Ff.

141. *wife,]* *wise,* Q4. *wife* F Q5. Ff.

143. *giue]* *giues* Qq. Ff. *thanks,]* [.] Q5. [?] F4.

146. *How*] [.] Ff. [?] Q5.

149. *Bride]* *Bridegroom* Qq. Ff.

152. *that is meant]* *that's meant in* Q5.

153. *How, how, howhow,]* *How now, how now,* Q3, 4. *How now?* Q5. Ff.

155. *And . . . you]* om. Ff. *proud]* [.] Q4. 5. *you?* , you, Q5.

157. *fettle]* *settle* F2, 3, 4.

You

* Out you greene ficknes baggage, out you tallow face. 160

Iu: Good father heare me speake? 164

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:

Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch. 168

Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest

That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we haue a crosse in hauing her. 172

Nur: Mary God in heauen bleesse her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your goffips, goe. 176

Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treafon.

Cap: Oh goddegodden.

Vtter your grauity ouer a goffips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte. 184

Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,

Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,

Still my care hath beene to see her matcht. 188

And hauing now found out a Gentleman,

Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.

Stuff as they say with honorable parts,

Proportioned as ones heart coulde with a man: 192

And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,

A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,

To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee? 196

But

160 Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

164 *Iu.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

168 Speake not, replie not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
172 And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her:

You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.

176 *Fa.* And why my Lady wisdom, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter, with your gossips go.

Nur. I speake no treafon,

Father, o Godigeden,

180 May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goships bowle,
For here we need it not.

184 *Wi.* You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
188 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they say, with honourable parts,
192 Proportiond as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:

196 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But

161. *You*] *Out you* F4.

169. *itch, wife,*] *itch, wife:*
Ff. *itch: Wife,* Q5.

177. *Prudence smatter,*] *Prudence, smatter* Q3, 4,
Ff. *Prudence smatter*
Q5.

gossips] *gossips,* Qq. *gossips,* Ff.

179. *Father, o Godigeden,*] *Fa. O Godigeden,* Q4, 5.
O Godigeden, F2, 3. *O God gi gooden* F4.

180. *May*] *Nur. May*
Q4, 5.

190. *liand*] *allied* Qq. Ff.

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
 Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.
 * I tell yee what, Thursday is neere, 200
 Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
 If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend :
 If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
 Dye in the freetes : for by my Soule
 Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
 Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good, 204
 Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*
Inl: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
 That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
 I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away, 208
 Defer this mariage for a day or two,
 Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
 In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word. 212
 Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say :
 Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
 He neuer dares returne to challengde you. 224

Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
 Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout 228
 In respect of him. I promise you

But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
 200 Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
 And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
 And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets,
 For by my soule ile nere acknowledge thee,
 204 Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good :
 Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.

Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie fitting in the cloudes
 That fees into the bottome of my greefe?
 208 O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
 In that dim Monument where *Tilalt* lies.

212 *Mo.* Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
 216 How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
 Vnlesse that husband fend it me from heauen,
 By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me :
 Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagems
 220 Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
 What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
 Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to
 224 That he dares nere come back to challenge you : (nothing,
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
 228 O hees a louely Gentleman :

Romios a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
 Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
 As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very hart,

204. *neuer*] *ever* Q4, 5.

223. *Faith . . . is,*] separate line Ff.

227. *Countie*] *count* F2, 3, 4.

229. *Romios*] *Romeos* Q3,
 4, F1, 2. *Romeo's* Q5,
 F3, 4.

231. *beshrow*] *beshrew* Q5,
 F4.

I

I thinke you happy in this second match.

232

As for your husband he is dead :

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul: Speakest thou this from thy heart?

236

Nur: I and from my soule, or els befrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,

240

I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother

Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.

To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,

And to be absolu'd.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

244

She looks after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most curfed fiend.

Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue

That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare

248

So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.

Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,

If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

252

Enter Fryer and Paris.

IV. I.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slacke to slow his haft.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?

4

Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,

And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,

8

Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.

And in his wifedome hafts our mariage,

To stop the inundation of her teares.

12

Which too much minded by her selfe alone

May be put from her by societie.

Now

232 I thinke you are happie in this second match,
For it excels your first, or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vse of him.

236 *Iu.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too, else beshrew them both.

Iu. Amen.

Nur. What?

240 *Iu.* Well thou hast comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confesion, and to be obfolu'd.

244 *Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Iu. Auncient damnation, ô most wicked fiend,
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue,
248 Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
252 If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exit.

IV. I. *Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

Fri. On Thursday fir: the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.

4 *Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
8 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now fir, her father counts it daungerous
That she do giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom heastes our marriage,
12 To stop the inundation of her teares.

Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

Now

236. *Speakest*] *Speakest* Qq.
Ff.

237. *else*] or *else* Qq. Ff.
Two lines, *And . . . too*
Or *else . . . both*, Ff.

240. *maruellous*] *marue'l-*
ous F1. *mar'ulous* F2,
3. 4.

243. *obfolu'd*] *absolu'd* Qq.
F1, 2, 3. *Absolved* F4.

244. [*Exit.*] Q4, 5, F2, 3, 4.

[*Exeunt*] Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE I.
[Count F2, 3, 4.]

7. *talke*] *talkt* Q5.

10. *do*] *doth* Qq. F1, 2.
should F3, 4.

Now doe ye know the reason of this haſt.

Fr: I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlowd.

16

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:

Iu: That may be fir, when I may be a wife,

20

Par: That may be, muſt be loue, on thurſday next.

Iu: What muſt be ſhalbe. .

Fr: Thats a certaine text.

Par: What come ye to confeſſion to this Fryer.

Iu: To tell you that were to confeſſe to you.

24

Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.

Iul: I will confeſſe to you that I loue him,

Par: So I am ſure you will that you loue me.

Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

28

Being ſpoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par: Poore ſoule thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.

Iu: The teares haue got ſmall victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their ſpite.

32

Par: Thou wrongſt it more than teares by that report.

Iu: That is no wrong fir, that is a truth:

And what I ſpake I ſpake it to my face.

Par: Thy face is mine and thou haſt ſlaundred it.

36

Iu: It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leaſure holy Father now:

Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?

Fr: My leaſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.

40

My Lord we muſt entreate the time alone.

Par: God ſheild I ſhould diſturbe deuotion,

Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kiſſe.

44

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe ſhut the doore and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me that am paſt cure, paſt help,

Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,

I heare thou muſt and nothing may proroge it,

On

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

16 *Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke fir, here comes the Lady toward my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Pa. Happily met my Lady and my wife.

Iu. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

20 *Pa.* That may be, must be loue, on Thursday next.

Iu. What must be shall be.

Fri. Thats a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

24 *Iu.* To aunswere that, I should confesse to you.

Pa. Do not denie to him, that you loue me.

Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.

28 *Iu.* If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poor soule thy face is much abused with tears.

Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,

32 For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tears with that report.

Iu. That is no slander fir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

36 *Pa.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leifure, holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

40 *Fri.* My leifure serues me penfue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

44 Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Erit.

Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past help.

48 *Fri.* O *Iuliet* I already know thy greefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On

15. *haste.*] [?] Qq. Ff.

16. *slowed*] *slow'd* Ff.

17. *toward*] *towards* Qq.
Ff.

20. *may be,*] [,] om. Q4.

41. *we*] *you* F1. / F2, 3, 4.

[Exit Paris] Ff.

46. *care*] *cure* Q5.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.

52

Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commisſion of thy yeares and arte
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be brieſe: for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeakſt, ſpeake not of remedie.

64

68

Fr: Stay *Juliet*, I doo ſpie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this ſhame,
That coapſt with death it ſelfe to flye from blame.
And if thou dooſt, Ile giue thee remedie.

72

76

Jul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to ſome ſteepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and fauage Lions are:
Or ſhut me nightly in a Charnell-houſe,

VVith reekie ſhankes, and yeolow chaples ſculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

84

Things

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iu. Tell me not Frier, that thou hearest of this,

52 Vnlesse thou tell me, how I may preuent it :

If in thy wisedome thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife ile helpe it presently.

56 God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos* thou our hands

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald :

Shall be the Labell to an other deed,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

60 Turne to an other, this shall slei them both :

Therefore out of thy long experienst time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudie knife

64 Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,

Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring :

Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

68 If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do spie a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would preuent.

72 If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

76 That coapst with death, himselfe to scape from it :

And if thou darest, Ile giue thee remedie.

Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From of the battlements of any Tower,

80 Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are : chaine me with roaring Beares,

Or hide me nightly in a Charnel house,

Oreouer quite with dead mens ratling bones,

84 With reekie thanks and yealow chapels sculls :

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his,

50. Countie] count F2, 3, 4.

51. hearest] hear'st Q5.

56. Romeos] [,] Qq. Ff.

57. Romeos] Romeo Ff.
Romeo's Q5.

60. slei] slay Qq. Ff.

73. stay] slay Q4, 5, F3, 4.
lay F2.

74. is it] it is F3, 4.

76. death, himselfe] death
himselfe, Qq. Ff.

77. darest] dar'st Ff.

79. of the] off the Q5, F3,
4.

84. chapels] chappels Q3,
Ff. chaplesse The rest.

86. his] his shroud Q4, 5.
his graue Ff.

Things

Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
 And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
 To keep my felfe a faithfull vnfaind VVife
 To my deere Lord, my deereft *Romeo*.

88

Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
 And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
 And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
 VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
 A dull and heauie slumber, which shall feaze
 Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
 His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
 No figne of breath shall testifie thou liust.

96

And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
 Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

112

He fend in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
 And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

116

Iul:

88 Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstaind wife to my sweete loue.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paris*: wend'st day is to morrow,
92 To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
96 When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowzie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natue progresse but surcease,
No warmth, no breast shall testifie thou liuest,

100 The roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade:

Too many ashes, thy eyes windowes fall:

Like death when he shuts vp the day of life.

Each part depriv'd of supple gouernment,
104 Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,

And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death

Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.

108 Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,

To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then as the manner of our cuntry is,

Is thy best robes vncoverd on the Beere,

112 Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Thou shalt be borne to that same auncient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,

In the meane time against thou shalt awake,

116 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come, an he and I

Will watch thy walking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.

120 And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

93. *the Nurse*] *thy Nurse*
Qq. Ff.

99. *breast*] *breath* Qq. Ff.

liuest] *liv'st* Q5.

100. *fade*:] [:] om. Qq. Ff.

101. *Too many*] *To many*

Ff. *To mealy* F2, 3, 4.

Too paly Q4. *To paly*

Q5.

thy] *the* Q3, 4. Ff.

105. *borrowed*] *borrow'd*
Q5.

111. *Is*] *In* Qq. Ff.

vncoverd] *vncoverd* Qq.
Ff.

113. *shall*] *shalt* Qq. Ff.

117, 118. *an . . . walking*] *and . . . waking* Qq.
om. Ff.

121. *inconstant*] *uncon-*
stant F3, 4.
toy] *ioy* Q4. *joy* Q5.

Iu. Giue

Iul : Frier I goe, be sure thou fend for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurfe, and
Seruingman.*

IV. 2.

Capo : Where are you firra ?

Ser : Heere forfooth.

Capo : Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser : I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.

4

Capo : How canst thou know them so ?

Ser : Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.

Capo : Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-strong ?

Moth : Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confest.

Capo : Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

12

Enter Iuliet.

Moth : See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo : How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
gadding ?

Iul : Where I haue learned to repent the fin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And craue remifion of so foule a fact.

16

20

She kneeles downe.

Moth : Why thats well said.

Capo : Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.

30

Goe tell the Countie presently of this,

22

For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Iul :

Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare

123. *of feare*] *ofcare* F1.

124

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolute, ile send a Frier with speed

To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Iu. Loue giue me strength, and strength shall helpe afford :

128

Farewell deare father.

(*Exit.*)

[*Exeunt*] Q4, 5.

IV. 2.

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.*

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

Ca. So many guests invite as here are writ,

Sirrah, go hire me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill fir, for ile trie if they can lick their
fingers.

4

Capu. How canst thou trie them so ?

Ser. Marrie fir, tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers :
therefore hee that cannot lick his fingers goes not with
me.

8

Ca. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time :
What is my daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence* ?

Nur. I forfooth.

12

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuishe selfewild harlottry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift with merie looke.

Ca. How now my headstrong, where haue you bin gadding ?

16

Iu. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition,

To you and your behests, and am enioynd

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

20

To beg your pardon, pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am euer rulde by you.

Ca. Send for the Countie, go tell him of this,

Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

24

Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,

And gaue him what becomd loue I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is wel, stand vp,

28

This is aft should be, let me see the Countie :

I marrie go I fay and fetch him hither.

Now

9, 10. Prose in Ff.

13. *selfewild*] *selfe wilde*
Q3. *selfe-will'd* Q4, 5.
selfe-wild F1, 2, 3. *self-*
wild F4.

16. *me*] om. Q4, 5.

22. *Countie*] *Count* F2, 3, 4.

25. *becomd*] *becomed* Ff.
becommed Q4, 5.

28. *ast*] *as't* Q4, 5, Ff.

Jul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Clofet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.

32

Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:

Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo: I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.

Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is pasing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will.

Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Iuliet.

IV. 3.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing elsè?

Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night.

Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?

Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow.

Exit.

Iul:

Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

32 *Iu.* Nurse, will you go with me into my Clofet,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thurfday, there is time inough.

36 *Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

30. *reuerend holy*] *holy*
reuerend Q5.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.

40 *Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:

44 Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrl is so reclaymd.

Exit.

45. *vp him*] *him vp* Ff.

IV. 3.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysones,
4 To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of fin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?

8 *Iu.* No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am fure you haue your hands full all,
12 In this so suddenn businesse.

Mo. Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iu. Farewell,

[*Exeunt.*] Q4, 5. [*Ex. unt*
Father and Mother.] Ff.
ACT IV. SCENE 3.

5. *knowest*] *know st* Ff. Q5.

Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete againe.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie ?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

24

[O] catchword in the
original

*

What if I should be stifled in the Toomb ?

[O]

Awake an houre before the appointed time :

Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones,

Dash

16 *Iu.* Farewell, God knowes when we shall meete againe,
 I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
 That almost freezes vp the heate of life :
 Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
 Nurse, what should she do here ?
 20 My dismall sceane I needs must act alone.
 Come Violl, what if this mixture do not worke at all ?
 Shall I be married then to morrow morning ?
 No, no, this shall forbid it, lie thou there,
 24 What if it be a poyson which the Frier
 Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
 Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonourd,
 Because he married me before to *Romeo* ?
 28 I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
 For he hath still bene tried a holy man.
 How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
 I wake before the time that *Romeo*
 32 Come to redeeme me, theres a fearfull poynt :
 Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault ?
 To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
 36 Or if I liue, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a Vaulte, an auncient receptacle,
 40 Where for this many hundred yeares the bones
 Of all my buried auncestors are packt,
 Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but greene in earth,
 Lies festring in his shroude, where as they say,
 44 At some houres in the night, spirits resort :
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome sinels,
 And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
 48 That liuing mortalls hearing them run mad :
 O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,
 Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
 And madly play with my forefathers ioynts ?

And

17. *life*] *fire* Ff.21. *Violl*] *Viall* Qq. Ff2, 3. *Vial* F4.22. *then*] om. F4.29. *a*] *an* Q5.33. *stiffed*] *stified* Ff. Q5.38. *Together*] *Together* Qq.
Ff.40. *this*] *these* Qq. Ff.47. *shrikes*] *shrieks* F4.49. *O if I walke*] *Or if I*
wake Q4, 5. *Or if I*
walke F2, 3, 4. (*walk*
F4.)

Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My Coffin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

56

She falls vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearts, Mother.

IV. 4.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make haft, make haft, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

4

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you
will be sicke anone.

8

Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth: I you haue béene a moufe hunt in your time.

12

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now firra?
What haue you there?

Ser: Forfooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe choosé dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.

16

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choosé a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make haft call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke. straight.

20

Gods

52 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrowde,
 And in this rage with some great kinfmans bone,
 As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
 O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
 56 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
 Vpon a Rapiers poynt: stay *Tybalt*, stay?
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

54. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq.
 Ff.

57. *a*] *my* F1. *his* F2, 3, 4.

IV. 4. Enter *Lady of the house and Nurse*.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

La. Hold take these keies & fetch more spices *Nurse*.

Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paftrie.

Enter *old Capulet*.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cock hath crowed.

3. *crowed*] *crow'd* Ff.

4 The Curfew bell hath rung, tis three a clock:
 Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
 Spare not for cost.

4. *roong*] *roung* Q3. 4.
rung Q5, Ff.

Nur. Go you cot-quene go,
 8 Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
 For this nights watching.

Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
 All night for lesser cause, and nere bene sicke.

12 *La*. I you haue bene a mouse-hunt in your time,
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

11. *lesser*] *lesse* Qq. Ff.
a lesse F2, 3. *a less* F4.

Exit *Lady and Nurse*.

Ca. A ieaious hood, a ieaious hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs,
 and Baskets.

14. *what is*] *what* Ff.
whats F2. *what's* F3, 4.
 Two lines, the second beginning *Now*, in Ff.

Fel. Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what.

16 *Ca*. Make haste, make haste firra, fetch drier logs.
 Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

16. *haste sirra*] *haste, sirrah* Ff. *haste; sirrah* Q5.

Fel. I haue a head fir, that will find out logs,
 And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

20 *Ca*. Maffe and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
 Twou shalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

21. *Twou*] *Thou* Qq. Ff.
further] *faith* Q4, 5, F2,
 3, 4.

Play *Musicke*.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
 For so he said he would, I heare him neare.

24 *Nurse*, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

Enter

Gods me hees come, Nurfe call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take
you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie *Paris* hath fet vp his rest that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,
what bride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

IV. 5.

8

12

16

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

24

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make hafte,
Make hafst, the bridgroom, he is come already, make hafst I say.

27. Two lines, the first ending *already*, Ff.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

1. *mistris, Iuliet,*] *Mis-*
tris, Iuliet: Q5. *Mis-*
tris ? Iuliet ? Ff.

4. *penniworths*] *penni-*
worth Q5.

9. *needs must*] *must needs*
Qq. Ff.

15. *wereaday*] *weladay*
Q3. *weladay* Q4, 5, Ff,
2, 3. *wel-a-day* F4.

[Enter Mother.] Ff.

IV. 5. *Nur.* Mistris, what mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,

Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you fluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweete heart, why Bride :

4 What not a word, you take your penniworths now,

Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant

The Countie *Paris* hath fet vp his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.

8 Marrie and Amen : how sound is she a sleepe :

I needs must wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,

I, let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be ?

12 What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe ?

I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.

Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.

Oh wereaday that euer I was borne,

16 Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.

Mo. What noise is here ?

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter ?

20 *Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day !

Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee :

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

24 *Fa.* For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shees dead : deceast, shees dead, alack the day.

M. Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Fa. Hah let me see her, out alas shees cold,

28 Her bloud is fetled, and her ioynts are stiffe :

Life and these lips haue long bene separated,

Death lies on her like an vntimely frost,

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par : What is the bride ready to goe to Church? 36

Cap : Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, fee, where she lyes, 40

* Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue.

Par : Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies? 44

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am :
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.

O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap : O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry : And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap : Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depride of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap : O fad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this fad time haue I desired to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depride by fuddaine destinie.

Moth : O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr :

32 Nur. O lamentable day !

Mo. O wofull time !

Fa. Death that hath tane her hēce to make me waile
Ties vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

36 Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

Fa. Ready to go but neuer to returne.

O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lies,

40 Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

44 Par. Haue I thought loue to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a fight as this ?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw,

48 In lastring labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight.

52 Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day
That euer, euer, I did yet bedold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
56 Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, flaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,

60 By cruell, cruell, thee quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despiide, distressed, hated, martird, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,

64 To murder, murder, our solemnitie ?
O childe, O childe, my foule and not my childe,

Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace

[Enter . . . with the Musicians] Q4. [. . . with Musicians] Q5.

39. *there*] *see there* F2, 3.
See, there F4.

40. *deflowred*] *deflowred*
now F2. *deflow'd now*
F3, 4.

43. *all life liuing.*] *all,*
life, liuing, Q4, 5.
44. *loue*] *long* Qq. Ff.

54. *bedold*] *behold* Qq. Ff.

Fr : O peace for shame, if not for charity.

58

Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

* Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarſe,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

84

Cap : Let it be so, come wofull forrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.*

Enter Musitions.

Nur : Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case.

Exit.

100

1. I by my troth Mistrresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter

68 *Fri.* Peace ho for shame, confusions care liues not,
In these confusions heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire maide, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid :

72 Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life,
The most you sought was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be aduant,
76 And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduant
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as heauen it selfe.

O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
80 Shees not well married, that liues married long,
But shees best married, that dies married young.
Drie vp' your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
84 And in her best array beare her to Church :
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet natures teares are reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festiuall,
88 Turne from their office to black Funerall :
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall feast :
Our solemne himnes to sullen dyrges change :
92 Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse :
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam go with him,
And go fir *Paris*, euery one prepare
96 To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue :
The heauens do lowre vpon you for some ill :
Moue them no more, by crossing their high wil.

Exeunt manet.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

100 *Nur.* Honest goodfellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I my my troath, the case may be amended. [*Exit omnes.*

K 3

Enter

68. *confusions care*] *con-*
fusions, care Qq. *con-*
fusions: Care Ff.
69. *confusions*] [.] Q3. 4.
Ff. [.] Q5.

75. *she*] *that sh* F2, 3, 4.

77. *it selfe*] *himselfe* Q5.

85. *some*] *fond* F2, 3, 4.
us all] *all us* Ff.

90. *buriall*] *funerall* Q5.

[*Exeunt manent Musici*]
Q4. 5. [*Exeunt*] Ff.
99. *Musi.*] *Mu.* Ff.

102. *Fid.*] *Mu* Ff.
my my] *by my* Qq. Ff.
[*Exeunt omnes*] Qq. om.
Ff.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mery dumpe.

1. A fir, this is no time to play.

108

Ser: You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser: Then will I giue it you, and foundly to.

1. What will you giue us?

112

Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile fol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pofe you,

1 Lets heare.

Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:

124

Then musique with her filuer found,
Why filuer found? Why filuer found?

1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet found.

128

Ser: Pretie, what fay you Mathew minikine?

*

2. I thinke because Musitions found for filuer.

Ser: Prettie too: come, what fay you?

3. I fay nothing.

132

Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the
Singer. I saye Siluer found, because such Fellowes as you
haue fildome Golde for founding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-
well.

Exit.

1. Farewe'l

Enter Will Kemp.

Enter Peter] Q4, 5. Ff.

104 *Peter.* Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

105. *Fidler.*] Mu. Ff.

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full :

106. *is full* | *is full of woe*
Q4, 5.

108 *Minstrels.* Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

107. *O . . . comfort me*]
om. Ff.

Peter. You will not then?

108. *Minstrels.*] Mu. Ff.

Minst. No.

110. *Minst.*] Mu. Ff.

Peter. I will then giue it you foundly.

112 *Minst.* What will you giue vs?

112. *Minst.*] Mu. Ff.

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

114. *Minstrell*] *ministrall*
F2, 3. 4.

Minstrel. Then wilt I giue you the Seruing-creature.

115. *Minstrel.*] Mu. Ff.

116 *Peter.* Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa (pate.
You, do you note me?

116. *lay*] *say* Q4.

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

119. *Minst.*] Mu. Ff.

120 2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

121. *Then . . . wit.*] Given
to Peter Q4, 5.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Answere me like men. (yron dagger.

124 When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with
her filuer found.

Why filuer found, why musique, with her filuer found, what say
you Simon Catling?

128 *Minst.* Mary fir, because filuer hath a sweet found.

128. *Minst.*] Mu. Ff.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

129. *Prates*] *Prateest* Q3,
Ff. *Pratee* Q4, 5.

2. *M.* I say filuer found, because Musitions found for filuer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames found post?

132 3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.

131. *Prates to,*] *Prateest*
to, Q3. F1, 2. *Pratee*
to, Q4. *Pratee too*: Q5.
Prateest too, F3. 4.
sound post] *Sound-Post*
Ff.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.

132. 3. *M*] 3 Mu. Ff.

I will say for you, it is musique with her filuer found,

Because Musitions haue no gold for founding:

136 Then Musique with her filuer found with speedy help doth
lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

1. Farewell and be hangd : come lets goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

V. 1.

Rom : If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame prefigde some good euent to come.
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead :
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Juliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

8

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,

12

How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Juliet*? that I aske againe:
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

16

Balt : Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.

Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom : Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.
* Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

24

Balt : Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

28

Rom : Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse : stay not I say.

Exit

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this fame ?

M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the mourners, and stay dinner.

Erit.

138 *Min.*] *Mu. Ff.*

[*Exeunt.*] Q4. 5.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames preface some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. fits lightly in his throne :
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possest
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier ?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well :
How doth my Lady *Iuliet* ? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepest in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office fir.

Rom. Is it in so ? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you fir, haue patience :
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Haft

3. *L.*] *Lord* Q4. 5. F2. 3. 4.
in] on Q5.

4. *this day an*] *thisan day*
an F1. this winged F2,
3. 4.
vnacustomd] *uccustom'd*
F1.

7. *dreame that giues*] *dreames that giues* Q4.
dreames that giue Q5.

[*Enter Romeos man Balthazer*] Q4. 5.

18. *Capels*] *Capulet s* F4.

24. *in*] *even* Qq. Ff.
denie] *deny* F2. 3. 4. Q5.
25. *knowest*] *know st* Q5.

Exit Balthazar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember

36

Here dwells a Pothecharie whom oft I noted

40

As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes :
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,

44

Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought :
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels.

52

Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo : VVho calls, what would you fir?

60

Rom : Heeres-twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,

As will dispatch the wearie takers life,

As suddenly as powder being fierd

From

32 Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier ?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

[Exit Man.] Ff.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.

36 Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night :
Lets see for meanes, O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

I do remember an Apothecarie,
40 And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones :

40. a] om. F1. *he* F2, 3, 4,
Q5.

44 And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
48 Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie feedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.

Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
52 An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.

52. An] And Q5, F3, 4.

O this same thought did but forerun my need,
56 And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie.

[Enter Apothecarie.] Ff.

60 *Appo.* Who calls so lowd ?

Kom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue

61. Kom.] Rom. Qq. Ff.

A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
64 As will dispearfe it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be dischargd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

63. *speeding*] *spreading*
Q5.

65 *life-wearie-taker*] *life-*
wearie taker Q5.

Doth

From forth a Cannons mouth.

68

Apo : Such drugs I haue I muſt of force confeſſe,
But yet the law is death to thoſe that ſell them.

*

Rom : Art thou ſo bare and full of pouertie,
And dooſt thou feare to violate the Law ?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law :
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miſerie,
And ſtarued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

Apo : My pouertie but not my will conſents.

Rom : I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo : Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will ſerue had you the liues of twenty men.

80

Rom : Hold, take this gold, worſe poyſon to mens foules

Than this which thou haſt giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,

Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into fleſh.

Come cordiall and not poyſon, goe with mee

To *Iuliets* Graue : for there muſt I vſe thee.

Exeunt.

88

Enter Frier Iohn.

V. 2.

John : VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho ?

Laur : This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come ?

Iohn : Going to ſeeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate mee,
Here in this Cittie viſiting the ſick,
VVhereas the infectious peſtilence remaind :
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both ſhut vp.

8

Laur :

68 Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* lawe
Is death to any he that vtters them.

Ro. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedneffe,
72 And fearest to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpon thy backe :
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
76 The world affoord no law to make thee rich :
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.

Poti. My pouertie, but not my will consents.

Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not thy will.

80 *Poti.* Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twentie men, it would dispatch you straight.

Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poyson to mens soules,
84 Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore cōpounds that thou maiest not sell,
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy selfe in flesh.
88 Come Cordiall and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

V. 2. *Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.*

Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brother, ho.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. This fame should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*,
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?

4 Or if his minde be writ, giue me his Letter.

Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to affotiate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke,
8 And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house,
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
12 So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who

69. *Poti.*] App. & Ap. Ff.
(also at lines 78, 80.)

72. *fearest*] *fear'st* Ff. Q5.

73. *thy*] *thine* Q5, F3, 4.

74. *hangs upon*] *hang on*
F2, 3, 4. *hang upon* Q5.

79. *pray*] *pay* Q4, 5.

83. *There is*] *There's* Ff.

84. *murther*] *murthers* Q4.
murder F3, 4. *murders*
Q5.

85. *maiest*] *maist* Q4.
maist Q5, F3, 4.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

[Enter Frier Lawrence] Ff.

4. *if his*] *if* F2, 3, 4

Laur : VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo* ?

Iohn : I haue them still, and here they are.

Laur : Now, by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

* Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
A spade and mattocke.

20

Iohn : Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur : Now must I to the Monument alone,
Leaft that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie. *Exit.*

24

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete water.*

V. 3

Par : Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare clofe to the hollow
ground.

4

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy : I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par : Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
bed :

12

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite doft containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie :
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells doft remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praifes doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo* ?

John. I could not fend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
16 So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
20 May do much danger : Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother ile go and bring it thee. (*Exit.*)

24 *Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will befhrewe me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
28 But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clofde in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

25. *this*] *these* Q5.

V. 3. Enter *Paris* and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene :
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
4 Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So fhall no foote vpon the Church-yard tread,
Being loofe, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou fhalt heare it, whistle then to me
8 As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers, do as I bid thee, go.

Pa. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will aduenture.

12 *Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweete water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares difild by mones,
16 The obsequies that I for thee will keepe :

Nightly

ACT V. SCENE 3.

1. *aloofe*] *aloft* F1, 2, 3.

3. *young*] *yong* Q4.

along] *alone* F2, 3.

4. *Holding*] *Laying* F3, 4.

10. *alone*] *along* F2.

[*Exit.*] F2, 3, 4.

12. *strew*] [.] Q3, 4. [.]

The rest.

13. *Canapie*] *Canopie* F1.

Canopy Q5, F2, 3, 4.

14. *dewe*] *new* Q5.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

* *Par* : The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What curfed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites ?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

20

Rom : Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrenching I-
ron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.

24

So get thee gone and trouble me no more.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

28

Is partly to behold my Ladies face,

But chiefly to take from her dead finger,

A precious ring which I must vse

In deare imployment. but if thou wilt stay,

32

Further to prie in what I vndertake,

By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,

And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.

36

The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

Balt : Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

40

Rom : So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farewell good fellow.

Balt : Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom : Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.

Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par : This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues cofen, I will apprehend him. Stop

Nightly shall be, to fiew thy graue and weepe.

Whifile Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,

What curfed foote wanders this way to night,

20 To croffe my obsequies and true loues right?

What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

19. way] wayes F1.

21. muffle me night] night
muffle me Q5.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Ro. Giue me that mattocke and the wrenching Iron,

Hold take this Letter, early in the morning

24 See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,

Giue me the light vpon thy life I charge thee,

What ere thou hearest or seeft, stand all aloofe,

And do not interrupt me in my courfe.

28 Why I defcend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my Ladies face :

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,

A precious Ring : a Ring that I muft vfe,

32 In deare imployment, therefore hence be gone :

But if thou iealous doft returne to prie

In what I farther fhall intend to doo,

By heauen I will teare thee Ioynt by Ioynt,

36 And frew this hungry Church-yard with thy lims :

The time and my intents are fauage wilde,

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring fea.

40 *Pet.* I will be gone fir, and not trouble ye.

Ro. So fhalt thou fhew me friendfhid, take thou that,

Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this fame, ile hide me here about,

44 His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the deareft morfell of the earth :

Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,

48 And in defpight ile cram thee with more foode.

Pa. This is that baniht haughtie *Mountague*,

That mured my loues Cozin, with which greefe

[Enter Romeo and Bal-
thazer his man] Q4, 5.
22. that] the Qq.

26. hearest] hear'st Ff. Q5.

34. farther] further Ff.

40. *Pet.*] Balt. Q4, 5. (also
at line 43.)
ye] you Qq. Ff.
41. friendshid] friendship
Qq. Ff.

[Exit.] F2, 3, 4-

It

Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.
 Can vengeance be purfued further then death?
 I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.
 The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou muft dye,
Rom : I muft indeed, and therefore came I hither,
 Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

56

* Heape not another finne vpon my head
 By fheding of thy bloud, I doe proteft
 I loue thee better then I loue my felfe :
 For I come hyther armed againft my felfe,

64

Par : I doe defie thy coniurations :
 And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

68

Rom : What doft thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy : O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par : Ah I am flaine, if thou be mercifull
 Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

72

Rom : Yfaith I will, let me perufe this face,
Mercutios kinfman, noble County *Paris* ?
 What faid my man, when my betoffed foule
 Did not regard him as we paff along.
 Did he not fay *Paris* fhould haue married
Iuliet ? eyther he faid fo, or I dreamd it fo.

76

But I will fatisfie thy laft request,
 For thou haft prizd thy loue about thy life.

Death

It is supposed the faire creature died,
 52 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
 Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile *Mountague* :
 Can vengeance be pursued further then death ?
 56 Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
 Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
 Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
 60 Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
 Put not an other sin vpon my head,
 By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
 64 By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
 For I come hither armed against my selfe :
 Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter say,
 A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.

68 *Par.* I do defie thy commiration,
 And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me ? then haue at thee boy.

O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

72 *Par.* O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
 Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*,

Rom. I faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
 76 What said my man, when my betroffed soule
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I thinke
 He told me *Paris* should haue married *Iuliet*.
 Said he not so ? or did I dreame it so ?

80 Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
 To thinke it was so ? O giue me thy hand,
 One writ with me in fowre misfortunes booke,
 Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

84 A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne slaughtred youth :
 For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
 This Vault a feasting prefence full of light.

59. *desprate*] *desperate* Qq.
 Ff.
 60. *these*] *those* Ff.

67. *bid*] *bad* Q5.

68. *commiration*] *commis-*
eration Q3, Ff. *com-*
miseration Q4, 5, F2,
 3, 4

71. Given to Pet. Ff., to
 Page. Q4, 5, and printed
 in rom.

75. *Mercutios*] *Mercutius*
 Q3, Ff., 2, 3.

Death

Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
 How oft haue many at the houre of death
 Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death But how may I
 Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,

88

How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
 O I beleeeue that vnsubstanciall death,
 Is amorous, and doth court my loue.

104

Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
 Set vp my euerlasting rest
 With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.

112

Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
 The dashing rockes thy sea-ficke weary barge.
 Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
 Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls.
Enter

124

88 Death lie thou there by a dead man interd,
 How oft when men are at the point of death,
 Haue they bene merie? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death? Oh how may I
 Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my wife,
 92 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie :
 Thou art not conquerd, bewties ensigne yet
 Is crymson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 96 And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt lyest thou there in thy bloudie sheet?
 O what more fauour can I do to thee,
 Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
 100 To funder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*
 Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleuee,
 Shall I beleuee that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
 104 And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
 Thee here in darke to be his parramour?
 For feare of that I still will staie with thee,
 And neuer from this pallat of dym night.
 108 Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,
 Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
 O true Appothecarie!
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
 112 Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
 With wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
 Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres,
 116 From this world wearied flesh, eyes looke your last:
 Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
 The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
 A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
 120 Come bitter conduct, come vnfaouury guide,
 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rocks, thy seasick weary barke:
 Heeres to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
 124 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

100. *thine*] *thy* Ff.

107. *pallat*] *pallace* Qq. Ff.
night.] [...] om. Qq. Ff.
 108—111. *Depart . . . die*
 om. Q4, 5.
 108. *arme*] *armes* Ff.

116. *world wearied*] Hy-
 phened Qq. Ff. *worlds*
wearied F2, 3, 4.

*

Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
 Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
 Whose there?

Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.

Fr: Who is it that conforsts so late the dead,
 What light is 'yon? if I be not deceiued,
 Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?

Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
 That loues you dearly.

132

Fr. Who is it?

Man: *Romeo.*

Fr: How long hath he beene there?

Man: Full halfe an houre and more.

136

Fr: Goe with me thether.

Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
 On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
 And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

140

Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
 Of this marble stony monument?
 What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
 Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
 Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
 Is acceffary to so foule a finne?

148

152

Iuliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

[*Iul:*] catchword in the
 original.

*

Ah comfortable Fryer.

[*Iul:*]

I doe remember well where I should be,
 And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
 Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

156

Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare some noife at hand, We

*Entrer Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe,
and Spade.*

Frier. S. Frances be my speede, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heeres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

128 *Frier.* Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend

What torch is yond that vainly lends his light

To grubs and eyelesse sculles: as I discerne,

It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

132 *Man.* It doth so holy fir, and theres my maister, one that you

Frier. Who is it? (loue.

Man. *Romeo.*

Frier. How long hath he bin there?

136 *Man.* Full halfe an houre.

Frier. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not fir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,

140 And fearefully did menace me with death

If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Frier. Stay then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.

O much I feare some ill vnthrifitie thing.

144 *Man.* As I did sleepe vnder this yong tree heere,

I dreamt my maister and another fought,

And that my maister slew him.

Frier. *Romeo.*

148 Alack alack, what bloud is this which stains

The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?

What meane these maisterlesse and goarie fwords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

152 *Romeo,* oh pale! who else, what *Paris* too?

And sleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind howe

Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?

The Lady stirs.

156 *Iuli.* O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?

I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Frier. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of

Entrer . . .] Enter . . . Qq.
Ff.

125. S] St. Q3, Ff. *Saint*
Q4, 5.
Frances] *Francis* Qq. Ff.

127. Man.] Balt. Q4, 5
(also at lines 132, 134,
136, 138, 144).

131. *Capels*] *Capulet's* F4.

132. *It . . . sir*] separate
line Ff.

142. *feare comes*] *feares*
comes Ff. *feares come*
F2, 3, 4.

143. *vnthrifitie*] *unlucky*
Qq. Ff.

144. *yong*] *young* Qq. Ff.

156. *where is*] *where's* Ff.

We shall be taken, *Paris* he is flaine,

And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane

We shall be thought to be as accessarie.

I will provide for you in some close Nunery.

Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

Fr: I heare some noyse, I dare not stay, come, come.

Iul: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?

Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.

Iul: I, noyse? then must I be resolute.

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,

Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?

See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,

New bleeding wounded, searce and see who's neare.

Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Capitaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,

Fitte

160 Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
 A greater power then we can contradi&t
 Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
 Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead :
 164 And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
 Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes :
 Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
 Come go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

168 *Iuli.* Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
 Whats heere? a cup clo&id in my true lounes hand?
 Poison I see hath bin his timelesse end :
 O churle, drunke all, and left no friendly drop
 172 To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
 Haplie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
 To make me dye with a restorative.
 Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

176 *Watch.* Leade boy, which way.

Iuli. Yea noife? then ile be brieft. O happy dagger
 This is thy sheath, there rust and let me dye.

Watch boy. This is the place there where the torch doth burne.

180 *Watch.* The ground is bloudie, search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
 Pittifull fight, heere lies the Countie slaine,
 And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newlie dead :

184 Who heere hath laine this two daies buried.
 Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
 Raife vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
 188 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.

Chief. watch. Hold him in safetie till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

192 3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
 We

171. *drunke all,*] *drinke*
all, Qq. F4. *drinke all?*
 F1, 2, 3.
left] *leane* Q5.

176. *way.*] [?] Qq. Ff.
 177. *Yea noife*] separate
 line Ff.
 178. *This is*] *Ti s is* Q3.
Tis in Ff.
 [Kils herselfe] Ff.
 179. *Watch boy.*] Boy Q4,
 5. Ff.

184. *this*] *these* Qq. Ff.

191. *Chief. watch.*] Con. Ff.
come] *comes* F2, 3, 4.

*

Fitte to ope a tombe.

Cap : A great fuspition, keep him safe.

Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.

Capt : Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin : What early mischiefe calls vs vp fo foone.

196

Capt : O noble Prince, see here

Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warne and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewise newly flaine.

204

Prin : Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Entor olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo : What rumor's this that is fo early vp ?

Moth : The people in the freetes crie *Romeo*,
And some on *Iuliet* : as if they alone
Had been the cause of fuch a mutinie.

200

Capo : See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke :
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

212

Enter olde Montague.

Prin : Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.

216

Mount : Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceafed too :

What further mischiefe can there yet be found ?

220

Prin : Firft come and see, then fpeake.

Mount : O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To preffe before thy Father to a graue.

Prin : Come feale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out

224

Of

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.

Chief watch. A great fuspition, stay the Frier too too.

Enter the Prince.

196 *Prin.* What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capels.

Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
200 Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
204 And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warne and new kild. (comes.

Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
208 With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!
212 Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it misheathd in my daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

216 *Prin.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.

220 What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what maners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?

224 *Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

194. Church-yards]

Church-yard Q3. Ff.

Churchyard Q4. 5.

195. Chief watch] Con. Ff.
too too.] too, too. Q3, 4.
too. Q5. Ff.

197. morning] mornings
Q4. 5. Ff.

[Enter Capulet and his
Wife] Q4. 5. Ff.

198. is so shrike] they so
shrike Qq. Ff. (shriek
F4.)

207. Slaughter] Slaugh-
tered Qq. Ff.

[Enter . . .] om. Q4. 5.
Ff. (see above).

210. heauens] heaven Qq.
Ff.

213. if] is Qq. Ff.
misheathd] misheathed
F1, 2, 3, Q5. mis-sheathed
F4.

217. earling] early Qq. Ff.

220. mine] my Qq. Ff.

224. outrage] out-rage Q4,
F3. 4.

Of such a hainous and feld scene mischaunce.

Bring forth the parties in suspition.

Fr. I am the greatest able to doo least.

Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.

* And Ile informe you how these things fell out.

Juliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,

Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant :

The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.

The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,

Was *Tybalts* doomesday : for which *Romeo*

Was banished from hence to *Mantua*.

He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint

To marrie her to *Paris* : But her Soule

(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse

To giue consent ; and therefore did she vrge me

Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd

What so her Father sought to force her too :

Or els all desperately she threatned

Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.

Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)

A potion that should make her seeme as dead :

And told her that I would with all post speed

Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,

That he might come and take her from the Toombe.

But he that had my Letters (*Frier John*)

Seeking a Brother to associate him,

Whereas the sicke infection remaind,

Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,

But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,

That *Juliet* was deceased, returnde in post

Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.

What after happened touching *Paris* death,

Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.

248

252

256

But

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,
 And then will I be generall of your woes,
 228 And leade you euen to death, meane time forbearē,
 And let mischance be slaue to patience,
 Bring foorth the parties of fuspition.

Frier. I am the greateſt able to do leaſt,
 232 Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
 Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther :
 And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
 My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excuſe.

Prin. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this ?

Frier. I will be brieſe, for my ſhort date of breath
 Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
 240 And ſhe there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife :
 I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
 Was *Tibalts* doomeſday, whoſe vntimely death
 Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie.

For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.

You to remoue that ſiege of grieve from her
 Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
 To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,

248 And with wild lookes bid me deuife ſome meane
 To rid her from this ſecond mariage :

Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.

Then gaue I her (ſo tuterd by my art)

252 A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*

That he ſhould hither come as this dire night

256 To help to take her from her borrowed graue,

Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.

But he which bore my letter, *Frier Iohn*,

Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight

260 Returnd my letter back, then all alone

At the prefixed hower of her waking,

M

Came

233. *Doth*] *Doe* Q5.

240. *that's*] *that's* Ff. *that*
Q4. 5.

248. *meane*] *meanes* Qq. Ff.

259. *stayed*] *stay'd* Ff.

But when I came to take the Lady hence,

I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep :
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,

268

VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

* By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrificd some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.

276

Pry : VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this ?

Balth : I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

280

Prin : Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VWatch ?

Boy : I brought my Master vnto *Juliets* graue,
But one approaching, fraight I calld my Master.
At last they fought, I ran to call the VWatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.

288

Prin : These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,

Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.

VVhere

Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
 Meaning to keepe her clofely at my Cell,
 264 Till I conueniently could fend to *Romeo*.
 But when I came, fome minute ere the time
 Of her awakening, here vntimely lay,
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 268 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
 And beare this worke of heauen with patience :
 But then a noyse did fcare me from the Tombe,
 And ſhe too deſperate would not go with me :
 272 But as it ſeemes, did violence on her ſelfe.
 Al this I know, & to the marriage her Nurſe is priuie :
 And if ought in this miſcaried by my fault,
 Let my old life be ſacrific'd ſome houre before his time,
 276 Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
 Wheres *Romeos* man? what can he ſay to this?

280 *Balth.* I brought my maiſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
 And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*,
 To this ſame place. To this ſame monument
 This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 284 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that raiſd the Watch?
 Sirrah, what made your maiſter in this place?

288 *Boy.* He came with flowers to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
 And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did,
 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
 And by and by my maiſter drew on him,
 292 And then I ran away to call the Watch.

296 *Prin.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 Their courſe of Loue, the tidings of her death,
 And here he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
 Of a poore Potheccarie, and therewithall,
 Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
 Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*?

See

266. *awakening*] *awaking*
Qq. Ff.

268. *entreated her*] *intreat*
her to F4.

273. *her*] the Q5.

275. *his*] the Qq. Ff.

277. *a*] an F4.

279. *Balth*] Boy Ff.

281. *place. To . . . monu-*
ment] *place, to . . . monu-*
ment. Ff. Q5.

288. *Boy.*] Page Ff.

VWhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.

304

Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.

308

Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

312

Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

316

FINIS.

300 See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate?
 That heauen finds means to kil your ioyes with loue,
 And I for winking at your discords too,
 Haue lost a brace of kinsmen, all are punished.

304 *Cap.* O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
 This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
 Can I demaund.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
 For I will raie her statue in pure gold,
 308 That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
 As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

312 *Capel.* As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
 Poore sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
 The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head :
 Go hence to haue more talke of these sad things,
 316 Some shall be pardoned, and some punished,
 For neuer was a Storie of more wo,
 Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

299. hate?] [,] Q5. Ff.

300. loue,] [,] Q5. Ff.

302. brace] brase Qq.

307. raie] raise Q4, 5. Ff.

309. such] that Qq. Ff.

311. *Romeos . . . Ladies]*
Romeo . . . Lady Ff.
Romeo's . . . Ladies Q5.

313. *glooming]* gloomy F4.

316. *pardoned]* pardon'd
 Ff.

[Exeunt Omnes] Ff.

You are invited to join

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"Societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life."—*Loves Labour's lost*, iv. 2.

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[*It is hoped that one of our chief living Poets will take the post.*]

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LIST OF PAPERS

TO BE READ AT THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY'S MEETINGS, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
GOWER ST, W.C., FROM OCTOBER, 1874, TO JUNE, 1875, AT 8 P.M.

Friday, October 9. The Politics of Shakspeare's Historical Plays; by Richard Simpson, Esq., B.A.

Friday, November 13. The 'Weak Endings' of Shakspeare, in relation to the Chronology of his Plays; by Professor J. K. Ingram, LL.D., Trin. Coll., Dublin.

Friday, December 11. I. On Hamlet's inserted Speech of "a dozen or sixteen Lines," by Wm. T. Malleison, Esq., and Professor J. R. Seeley, M.A., Cambridge. II. A Discussion on the Play of *Cymbeline*; to be opened by J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A., or F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Friday, January 8. On the first Two Quartos of *Hamlet*, 1603, 1604; by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D. (*This paper is not intended for printing.*)

Friday, February 12. On Ben Jonson's Phrases, Words, and Allusions, by H. C. Hart, Esq., of Trinity College, Dublin.

Friday, March 12. On the Date of *King John*; by Brinsley Nicholson, Esq., M.D.

Friday, April 9. A Paper by Professor Leo, Ph.D., of Berlin.

Friday, May 14. A Scratch Night: short Papers or Remarks on any Shakspeare Topics, by any Members of the Society who will send or speak what they have to say.

Friday, June 11. On the Originals of Shakspeare's Plots; by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.

Offers of other Papers and of Scraps are desired, and should be made to Mr Furnivall, 3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W. The Committee can appoint the 4th Friday of any month for the reading of any extra Paper that they approve.

The following Publications of the *New Shakspeare Society* have been issued for 1874:

Series I. Transactions: The New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, Part I, containing four Papers by the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A., with Reports of the Discussions on them, a Table of the Quarto Editions of Shakspeare's Works, 1593-1630, and a print of the genuine Parts of *Timon* and *Pericles*; with an Appendix containing, 1. Mr James Spedding's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPEARE and FLETCHER in *Henry VIII*, with the late Mr S. Hickson's, Mr Fleay's, and Mr Furnivall's independent confirmations of Mr Spedding's results. 2. The late Mr S. Hickson's Paper on the several shares of SHAKSPEARE and FLETCHER (when young) in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, with Mr Fleay's and Mr Furnivall's Notes, and Tables of Metrical Tests, confirming Mr Hickson's results.

Series II. 1. A Parallel-Text Edition of the first two Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597 and 1599, arranged so as to show their Differences, and with Collations of all the Quartos and Folios, edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

This Edition is presented to the Society by H. R. H. Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-Presidents.

Dr Ingleby also presented to every Member of the Society who had paid his Subscription by Nov. 7, 1874, a copy of his Still Lion, an attempt to establish a Science of Criticism of Shakspeare's Text.

Series IV. Shakspeare Allusion-Books. Part I. *a.* Greenes Groatesworth of Wit [written in 1592], 1596; *b.* Henry Chettle's 'Kind-Harts Dreame' [written in 1593]; *c.* 'Englandes Mourning Garment' [1603]; *d.* A Mourneful Dittie, entituled Elizabeths Losse, together with A Welcome for King James [1603]; *e.* extracts from 'Willobie his Avisa; Or the true Picture of a Modest Maid, and of a Chast and constant wife,' 1594; *f.* extracts from Marston, Carew, &c.; *g.* Gabriel Harvey's Third Letter, from his 'Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets,' 1592; *h.* five sections,—Poetrie; Poets; Comparative Discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets; Painters; Musique;—from Francis Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, &c. &c.; edited by C. Mansfield Ingleby, Esq., LL.D.

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Series I. Transactions. Part II. Containing Papers by Mr Hales, Mr Fleay, Mr Simpson, and Professor Ingram, with Reports of the Discussions on them.

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[*All in type.*]

Series III. Originals and Analogues. Part I. *a.* The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell,¹ and nowe in Englishe by Ar[thur] Br[ooke], 1562; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq. *b.* The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta; from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567; edited by P. A. Daniel, Esq.

Series II. Plays. Preparing: 2. *Henry V.* *a.* Facsimile Reprints of the Quarto and first Folio; *b.* Parallel-Texts of the Quarto and First Folio, arranged so as to show their differences; *c.* a revised edition of the Play; the whole edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.

3. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher; *a.* A Reprint of the Quarto of 1636; *b.* a revised Edition, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index of all the words, distinguishing Shakspeare's from Fletcher's, by Harold Littledale, Esq., Trinity College, Dublin.

4. *Cymbeline*: *a.* A Reprint of the Folio of 1623; *b.* a revised Edition with Introduction and Notes, by W. J. Craig, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following works have been suggested for publication:—

1. Parallel Texts of the imperfect sketches of *b.* Hamlet, and its Quarto 2 (with the Folio and a revised Text); *c.* Merry Wives of Windsor, and Folio 1; *d.* The Contention, and Henry VI, Part 2, in Fr; The True Tragedy, and Henry VI, Part 3, in Fr.

¹ The original Italian story by Luigi da Porto, 1530, with a Translation, &c., by Prof. G. Pace-Sanfelice, can be had at Glaisher's, 265, High-Holborn, for 1s.; the facsimile Quarto of *Much Adoe*, 1600, for 1s., and Booth's reprint of the Folio for 12s. 6d.

2. Parallel Texts of the following Quarto Plays and their versions in the First Folio, with collations: Richard III, Q1; 2 Henry IV, Q1; Troilus and Cressida, Q1; Lear, Q1: to show the relations of the Folio text to that of the previous editions. Of Othello, four Texts, Q1, Q2, F1, and a revised Text.
3. Parallel Texts of the two earliest Quartos of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice*; to show which edition is the better basis for a revised text.
4. The First Quartos of *Much Ado about Nothing*; *Loues Labour's Lost*; *Richard II*; 1 Henry IV; from which the copies in the Folio were printed.

Reprints in Quarto of the remaining Folio Plays, with collations. When possible, the passages which Shakspeare used from North's Plutarch, Holinshed's and Halle's Chronicles, &c., will be printed opposite the texts of his Roman and Historical Plays. Also the plots of the old plays of 'The Taming of a Shrew,' 'Promos and Cassandra,' 'The troublesome raigne of King John,' &c., will be printed parallel with the plots of Shakspeare's Plays that were founded on them. In all Reprints of Quarto and Folio editions of Shakspeare's Plays, the numbers of act, scene, and line, will be given in the margin, so as to make the books handy to work with.

Series V. *The Contemporary Drama.* Works suggested by Mr Richard Simpson (see *The Academy*, Jan. 31, 1874, p. 120-1.)—

- a. The Works of Robert Greene, Thomas Nash (with a selection from Gabriel Harvey's), Thomas Lodge, and Henry Chettle.
- b. The Arraignment of Paris (Peele's); Arden of Feversham; George-a-Greene; Locrine; King Edward III (of which Act ii. is by a different hand, and that, almost certainly Shakspeare's); Mucedorus; Sir John Oldecastle; Thomas Lord Cromwell; The Merry Devil of Edmonton; The London Prodigal; The Puritan; A Yorkshire Tragedy; Faire Em; The Birth of Merlin; The Siege of Antwerp; The Life and Death of Thomas Stucley; A Warning to Fair Women. (Perhaps 'The Prodigal Son,' and 'Hester and Ahasuerus,' extant in German Translations.)
- c. The Martinist and Anti-Martinist Plays of 1589-91; and the Plays relating to the quarrel between Dekker and Jonson in 1600.
- d. Lists of all the Companies of Actors in SHAKSPERE's time, their Directors, Players, Plays, and Poets.
- e. Dr Wm. Gager's *Meleager*, a tragedy, printed Oct. 1592 (with the correspondence relating to it between Dr Gager of Christ Church, and Dr John Reynolds of Corpus (Univ. Coll. Oxf. MS. J. 18; and at Corpus). Also, Reynolds's rejoinder in 1593, 'The Overthrow of Stage Plays,' &c., with the letters between him and Gentilis. Also, Gentilis's 'Disputatio de Actoribus et Spectatoribus Fabularum non notandis.' Hannov. 1659. And 'Fucus sive Histriomastix' (a play against Reynolds), Lambeth MS. 838).
- f. Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*—from which Shakspeare's lines to the 'Phoenix and Turtle' were taken—with an Introduction showing who Salisbury was, to whom the Chorus Vatum dedicates the book; and showing the relation between Chester's poem and Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*.

Richard II, and the other Plays in Egerton MS. 1994 (suggested by Mr J. O. Halliwell).

The *Returne from Pernassus*, 1606; to be edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

Series VI. *Shakspeare's England.* William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, edited from its two versions by Fredk. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Series VII. *Mysteries, &c. Ancient Mysteries, with a Morality*, from the Digby MS. 133, re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., *The Towneley Mysteries*, re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D.

Series VIII. *Miscellaneous.* Autotypes of the parts of the Play of *Sir Thomas More* that may possibly be in young SHAKSPERE's handwriting, from the Harleian MS. 7368. Thomas Rymer's 'Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined', 1673, 1692; and his 'A short View of Tragedy of the last Age', 1693.

THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

(THE FOUNDER'S PROSPECTUS REVISED.)

To do honour to SHAKSPERE¹, to make out the succession of his plays, and thereby the growth of his mind and art; to promote the intelligent study of him, and to print Texts illustrating his works and his times, this *New Shakspeare Society* is founded.

It is a disgrace to England that while Germany can boast of a Shakspeare Society which has gathered into itself all its country's choicest scholars, England is now without such a Society. It is a disgrace, again, to England that even now, 258 years after SHAKSPERE's death, the study of him has been so narrow, and the criticism, however good, so devoted to the mere text and its illustration, and to studies of single plays, that no book by an Englishman exists which deals in any worthy manner with SHAKSPERE as a whole, which tracks the rise and growth of his genius from the boyish romanticism or the sharp youngmanishness of his early plays, to the magnificence, the splendour, the divine intuition, which mark his ablest works. The profound and generous "Commentaries" of Gervinus²—an honour to a German to have written, a pleasure to an Englishman to read—is still the only book known to me that comes near the true treatment and the dignity of its subject, or can be put into the hands of the student who wants to know the mind of SHAKSPERE. I am convinced that the unsatisfactory result of the long and painful study of SHAKSPERE by so many English scholars—several, men of great power and acuteness—arises mainly from a neglect of the only sound method of beginning that study, the chronological one.³ Unless a man's works are studied in the order in which he wrote them, you cannot get at a right understanding of his mind, you cannot follow the growth of it. This has been specially brought home to me by my work at Chaucer. Until I saw that his *Pity* was his first original work, the key of his life was undiscovered; but that found, it at once opened his treasure-chest, the rest of the jewels he has left us were at once disclosed in their right array, the early pathetic time of his life made clear, its contrast with the later humorous one shown, and, for the first time these 470 years, the dear old man stood out as he was known in Wycliffe's time. Something of this kind must take place in the mind of every one who will carefully and reverently follow SHAKSPERE's steps on his way up to the throne of Literature, where he, our English poet, sits, the glory not of our land alone, but of the world.

Dramatic poet though SHAKSPERE is, bound to lose himself in his wondrous and manifold creations; taciturn "as the secrets of Nature" though he be; yet in this Victorian time, when our geniuses of Science are so wresting her secrets from Nature as to make our days memorable for ever, the faithful student of SHAKSPERE need not fear that he will be unable to pierce through the crowds of forms that exhibit SHAKSPERE's mind, to the mind itself, the man himself, and see

¹ This spelling of our great Poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an *e* after the *k*; four have no *a* after the first *e*; the fifth I read *-eere*. The *e* and *a* had their French sounds, which explain the forms 'Shaxper', &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that SHAKSPERE knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of the Members of the New Society.

² Miss Bunnett's translation, with an Introduction by myself, is published by Smith and Elder, 12s. Mr H. N. Hudson's 'Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Character' (Sampson Low and Co.), with comments on twenty-five of his best Plays, is the best original commentary of its kind in English that I know. It is of course much indebted to German criticism. Mrs Jamieson's *Characteristics of Women* (5s., Routledge) has some most subtle and beautiful studies of Shak-

spere's chief woman-creations. See too Prof. Dowden's forthcoming *Mind and Art of Shakspeare*. (H. S. King.)

³ The ordinary editions put the Plays higgledy-piggledy; often, like the Folio, beginning with Shakspeare's almost-last play, the *Tempest*, and then putting his (probably) third, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, next it. No wonder readers are all in a maze. Further, though I can put my finger on Chaucer's "nyghtyngale that clepeth forth the fresshe levis newe," and say 'Here is first the real Chaucer,' yet I (though past 49) cannot yet do the like for Shakspeare. (Is it "*the nimble spirits in the arteries*," note 1, page 6 (perhaps an insertion in the amended edition of 1597), or in *The Comedie of Errors*, iii. 2

Sing, Siren, for thy selfe, and I will dote;
Spread ore the silver waues thy golden haire,
And as a b[e]c[d] lie take the[m], and there lie.)

How many of the readers of this can? Yet oughtn't we all to have been able to do it from the time we were 18, or twenty-one?

him as he was; while in the effort, in the enjoyment of his new gain, the worker will find his own great reward.

Fortunately for us, SHAKSPERE has himself left us the most satisfactory—because undesigned—evidence of the growth in the mechanism of his art, in the gradual changes in his versification during his life, changes that must strike every intelligent reader, and which I cannot at all understand the past neglect of. To cite only one such change, that from the sparing use of the unstopt line to the frequent use of it¹:—a test which, when applied to three of SHAKSPERE's unripest, and three of his ripest (though not best) plays, gives the following result,—

Earliest Plays.	Proportion of unstopt lines to stopt ones.	Latest Plays.	Proportion of unstopt lines to stopt ones.
Loues Labour's Lost	1 in 18·14	The Tempest	1 in 3·02
The Comedy of Errors	1 in 10·7	Cymbeline King of Britaine	1 in 2·52
The two Gent. of Verona	1 in 10·	The Winter's Tale	1 in 2·12 ²

surely shows its exceeding value at a glance, though of course it alone is not conclusive. Working with this and other mechanical tests—such as Mr Spedding's, of the pause, of double endings (or redundant final syllables), of the weak ending in *as*, *in*, &c. (including light endings), the use of rymes, Alexandrines, &c.—we can, without much trouble, get our great Poet's Plays into an order to which we can then apply the higher tests³ of conception, characterization, knowledge of life, music of line, dramatic development, and imagination, and see in how far the results of these tests coincide with, or differ from, those of the former ones; whether the conscious growth of power agrees or not with the unconscious change of verse.⁴

Having settled this, we can then mark out the great Periods of SHAKSPERE's work—whether with Gervinus and Delius we make Three, or, guided by the verse-test, with Bathurst, we make Four, or

¹ Here are two extreme instances. The early one has a stop at the end of every one of its first 16 lines. The late one has only 4 end-stopt lines. (See the late C. Bathurst's 'Differences of Shakspeare's Versification at different Periods of his Life,' 1857.)

(Early) *Loues Labour's lost*, iv. 3 (p. 135, col. 1, Booth's reprint) (Late) *The Tragedie of Cymbeline*, iv. 2 (p. 388, col. 2, Booth's reprint)

Per. O 'tis more then neede.
 Haue at you then, affections men at armes;
 Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
 Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.
 Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.
 And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords),
 In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke?
 For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
 Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
 Without the beauty of a womans face?
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue:
 They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
 Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
 The nimble spirits in the arteries, } *probably*
 As motion and long during action tyres } *added*
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer. } *in 1597*

Bel. No single soule
 Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
 He must haue some Attendants. Though his H[um]or
 Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
 From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie, Not
 absolute madnesse could so far haue rau'd
 To bring him heere alone: although perhaps.
 It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
 Caue heere, hunt heere, are Owt-lawes, and in time
 May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
 Heel'd fetch vs in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so vnder taking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
 If we do feare this Body hath a taile
 More perillous then the head.

² The proportion in *The Life of King Henry the Eighth* is 1 in 2·75; but in this play there are clear traces of another hand—Fletcher's, Mr Tennyson tells me. (See Mr Spedding's able paper in *Gents. Mag.*, August, 1850, and the most striking confirmations of his results by Mr Hickson, in I *Notes and Queries*, ii. 198, and others; all printed in the Appendix to Part 1 of the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874.) The last long speech of Cranmer looks as if it was written first in Elizabeth's time,—Mr Hales suggests, at the time of her dying sickness in March 1603—then pulled in two, and a complimentary bit on King

James I. inserted in the middle. Mr Spedding, however, always held, and the metrical tests show, that it was not; but that the whole Play was late.

³ Mr J. W. Hales's 7 Tests are, 1. External Evidence (dates of printing); 2. Internal (from allusions in the Plays, &c.); 3. Metre; 4. Language and Style (3 and 4 comprised under Form); 5. Power of Characterization; 6. Dramatic Unity; 7. Knowledge of Life. (See *The Academy*, Jan. 17, 1874, p. 63; Jan. 31, p. 117.)

⁴ The Sonnets and Minor Poems will be discusst in their chronological order with the Plays.

with other critics Five, and define the Characteristics of each Period.¹ We can then put forth a Student's Handbook to SHAKSPEARE, and help learners to know him. But before this, we can lay hand on SHAKSPEARE's text, though here, probably, there will not be much to do, thanks to the labours of the many distinguisht scholars who have so long and so faithfully workt at it. Still, as students, we should follow their method. First, discuss the documents: print in parallel columns the Quarto and Folio copies of such plays as have both,² and determine whether any Quarto of each Play, or the Folio, should be the basis of its text,³ with special reference to *Richard III.* Secondly, discuss all the best conjectural readings, seeking for contemporary confirmations of them; and perhaps drawing up a Black List of the thousands of stupid or ingeniously fallacious absurdities that so-called emenders have devised. Thirdly, led by Mr Alexander J. Ellis, discuss the pronunciation of SHAKSPEARE and his period, and the spelling that ought to be adopted in a scholars'-edition of his Plays, whether that of the Quartos or Folio,³ or any of SHAKSPEARE's contemporaries. It is surely time that the patent absurdity should cease, of printing 16th- and 17th-century plays, for English scholars, in 19th-century spelling. Assuredly the Folio spelling must be nearer SHAKSPEARE's than that; and nothing perpetuates the absurdity (I imagine) but publishers' thinking the old spelling would make the book sell less. Lastly, we could (unless we then found it needless) nominate a Committee of three, two, or one, to edit SHAKSPEARE's *Works*, with or without a second to write his *Life*.

The above, the main work of the Society, will be done as in ordinary Literary and Scientific Societies, by Meetings, Papers, and Discussions; the Papers being shorter, and the Discussions much fuller, than in other bodies. The Society's first Meeting was held on Friday, March 13, at 8 P.M., at University College, Gower Street, London, W.C., as the Committee of the Council of the College have been good enough to grant the use of the College rooms to the *New Shakspeare Society* at a nominal charge, to cover the cost of gas and firing. Offers of Papers to be read at the Society's Meetings are wisht for, and should be made to the Director. The Papers read will be issued as the Society's *Transactions*, and will form *Series 1* of the Society's Publications.

The second part of the *New Shakspeare Society's* work will be the publication of—2. A Series of SHAKSPEARE's Plays, beginning with the best or most instructive Quartos, both singly, and in parallel Texts with other sketch-Quartos or the Folio, when the Play exists in both forms; and when not, from the Folio only. This Series will include *a.* Reprints of the Quartos and first Folio; *b.* trial-editions of the whole of *Shakspeare's Plays* in the spelling of the Quarto or Folio that is taken as the basis of the Text. 3. A Series of the *Originals and Analogues of Shakspeare's Plays*, including extracts from North's Plutarch, Holinshed, and other works used by him; 4. A short Series of *Shakspeare-Allusion Books*, contemporary tracts, ballads, and documents alluding to or mentioning SHAKSPEARE or his works; 5. A Selection from the *Contemporary Drama*, from Garrick's Collection, &c.; 6. *Works on Shakspeare's England*, such as Harrison's celebrated *Description of England*, W. Stafford's *Complaint*, &c.; 7. A chronological Series of English *Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, Interludes, Masks, Comedies*, &c., up to Shakspeare's time; 8. *Miscellanies*, including (at Mr Tennyson's suggestion) some facsimiles of Elizabethan and Jacobite handwritings, to show what letters would be most easily mistaken by printers; and (at Mrs G. H. Lewes's suggestion) reprints of last-century criticisms on SHAKSPEARE, to show the curious variations in the history of opinion concerning him; besides other occasional works.

The Society's *Transactions* will be in 8vo; its *Texts* will be issued in a handsome quarto, the quarto for Members only; but as the Society's work is essentially one of popularisation, of stirring-up the intelligent study of SHAKSPEARE among all classes in England and abroad, all such publications of the Society as the Committee think fit, will be printed in a cheap form, for general circulation.

The Presidency of the Society will be left vacant till one of our greatest living poets sees that his duty is to take it. A long list of Vice-Presidents is desired, men eminent in Literature, Art, Science, Statesmanship or rank, as well to do honour to SHAKSPEARE, as to further the work of the

¹ The doubtful Plays like *Hen. VI.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Pericles* (of which Mr Tennyson has convinced me that Shakspeare wrote at least the parts in which *Pericles* loses and finds his wife and daughter: see a print of them in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, Part 1), *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (see *West. Rev.*, April, 1847, and the second Paper in the Appendix to the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, Part 1), &c.,

could be discussd here. The Plays just mentiond will be edited for the Society.

² The Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* would be set beside 'The first part of the contention' and 'the true tragedy'; 'The Merry Wives' by its first sketch, &c.

³ In the first Trial-editions of the Plays in Quarto for the Society, the spelling of the text adopted as the basis of the edition, whether Quarto or Folio, will be followd.

Society on him. I hope for a thousand members—many from our Colonies, the United States, and Germany; so that the Society may be a fresh bond of union between the three great Teutonic nations of the world. I hope our *New Shakspeare Society* will last as long as SHAKSPEARE is studied. I hope also that every Member of the Society will do his best to form Shakspeare Reading-parties, to read the Plays chronologically, and discuss each after its reading, in every set of people, Club or Institute, that he belongs to: there are few better ways of spending three hours of a winter evening indoors, or a summer afternoon on the grass. Branch Societies, or independent ones in union with us, should also be formed to promote these Readings, and the general study of SHAKSPEARE, in their respective localities. To such Societies as wish it, proofs of the Papers to be read in London will be sent in advance, so that each such Society can, if it pleases, read at each of its Meetings the same Paper that is read at the Parent Society on the same night.

The Society will be managed by a Committee of Workers, with power to add to their number. The first Director will be myself, the Founder of the Society. Its Treasurer will be William Payne, Esq., The Keep, Forest Hill, London, S.E.; its Honorary Secretary, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.; its Bank, the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.; its printers, Messrs Childs, Bungay, Suffolk; and its publishers, Messrs Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The subscription (which constitutes Membership, without election or payment of entrance-fee) is a Guinea a year, payable on every first of January to the *Honorary Secretary*, Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E., by cheque, or Money Order payable at the Chief Office, E.C. The first year's subscription is now due.

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FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

28 March, 1874.

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